★June 28, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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Speaking of lions (and who was?), note one thing about The Saturday Evening Post every survey keeps pounding home: That people pay extra attention *to the advertising in the Post. Leftenant Argyle J. Password (above) is a rather vivid demonstration of what we mean. And so well aware are advertisers of it, each year they award many million dollars more in advertising revenue to the Post than to any other magazine. The lion's share, you might say.*

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when you put it in the Post

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as noted below, there will be some shifts in matinées because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in what is probably the best comedy you will see this year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

The Beautiful People—William Saroyan's fourth love letter to the human race is as passionate as his first, and no more coherent. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey play the mad Websters, who love mice. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed., except July 2, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but get a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant as the teacher who discovers a genius. Among the others in the cast of Emlyn Williams' play are Richard Waring and Thelma Schnee. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except July 3, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Morris Carnovsky, and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except July 2, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Native Son—A considerably toned-down and simplified version of Richard Wright's novel, but still very moving and provocative. Orson Welles' direction is superb, and Canada Lee heads an excellent cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot in an old-fashioned bedroom roughhouse. Heartily endorsed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., if that's any help to you. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., except July 2, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

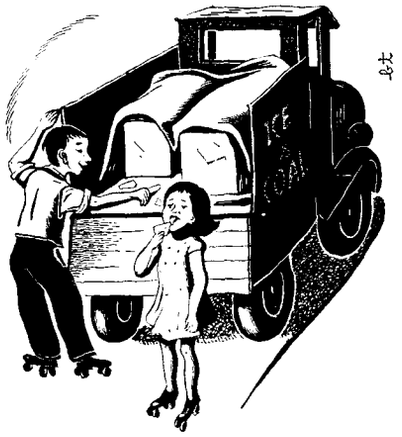
Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story about a family of refugees from Germany who bring the great problems of today into an American household is probably the finest play of the year. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—One of Broadway's oldest institutions, in which Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton have taken over the Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some superior songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, and June Havoc are prominent in the dirty work. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed, except July 2, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. A first-rate musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except July 2, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., July 4.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 5. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "The Mikado," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., June 26 and 28 and July 3 and 5, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

Branford—"Broadway, 1941," Philip Dunning's and George Abbott's new version of "Broadway": Tues. through Sat., July 1-5. (Montowese Playhouse, Indian Neck, Branford, Conn. 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Thurs.)

Bridgehampton—"The Male Animal": Tues. through Sat., July 1-5. (Hampton Summer Theatre, Bridgehampton, L.I. 8:50.)

Cedarhurst—Lionel Stander and Otto L. Preminger in "Margin for Error": through Sun., June 29. Anna Sten in "Smart Women," a new play by Myron Fagan: Tues. through Sun., July 1-6. (New Central Theatre, Cedarhurst, L.I. 9 o'clock. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

Chatham—"Goodbye Again": Wed. through Sat., July 2-5. (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. 8:30. Mat. 2:30, Thurs.)

Dennis—Jinx Falkenburg and Charles Butterworth in "George Washington Slept Here": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Gloucester—Francesca Braggiotti and Ramon Novarro in "Tovarich": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Guilford—Fay Wray in "There's Always Juliet": Sat., June 28, and Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mat. 2:30, Wed.)

Ivoryton—Florence MacMichael and Leon Janney in "Out of the Frying Pan": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Locust Valley—"Out of the Frying Pan": Tues. through Sun., July 1-6. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9 o'clock. Special Mat. Fri., July 4, at 3.)

Maplewood—Mary Boland in "Meet the Wife": through Sat., June 28. Peggy Conklin in "Mr. and Mrs. North": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Mary Boland in "Meet the Wife": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mat. 2:45, Wed.)

Marion—Taylor Holmes in "My Dear Children": through Sat., June 28. Taylor Holmes in "Always Romance," a new play by Mr. Holmes and Norman Clark: Wed. through Sat., July 2-5. (Harbour Playhouse, Marion, Mass. 8:45. Mat. 2:40. Wed.)

Matunuck—Luella Gear in "George Washington Slept Here": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Thurs.)

Millburn—C. Aubrey Smith in "Old English": through Sat., June 28. Grace George in "Kind Lady": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mt. Kisco—"George Washington Slept Here": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat.)

New Hope—Haila Stoddard in "Skylark": through Sat., June 28. Pauline Lord in "The Great Adventure": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Pawling—Nancy Carroll in "Mr. and Mrs. North": Tues. through Sun., July 1-6. (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. 8:30. Mats. at 3, Thurs. and Sat.)

Roslyn—"Our Town": through Sat., June 28. "Bamboo": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Sayville—"Double Door": through Sat., June 28. "Hay Fever": Tues. through Sat., July 1-5. (Sayville Playhouse, Sayville, L.I. 8:45.)

Stockbridge—Ruth Chatterton in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Stony Creek—"Yes, My Darling Daughter": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Stony Creek Players, Stony Creek, Conn. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Thurs.)

Suffern—José Ferrer and Uta Hagen in "The Male Animal": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:45.)

Westboro—Sally O'Neil in "The Best People": through Sat., June 28. Beverly Roberts and John Craven in "The Philadelphia Story": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Town Hall Playhouse, Westboro, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Westport—Tallulah Bankhead in "Her Cardboard Lover": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

White Plains—Ruth Chatterton in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow": through Sat., June 28. Paul and Grace Hartman in "Two for the Show": Mon. through Sat., June 30-July 5. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Woodstock—Elissa Landi in "The Shining Hour": through Sun., June 29. "Final Answer," a new play by Llewellyn Miller: Thurs. through Sun., July 3-6. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. 8:45.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant warm-weather spot, with Jules Lande's orchestra.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—An ingratiating sort of place, where people like to get together in the evening—early or late. Bob Knight's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry has closed up the Monte Carlo for the season and moved away—or, rather, just next door—to this new summer house of his, where he has installed John Kirby's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room

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will close for the summer on Fri., June 27. Until then, Mary Raye and Naldi will be the mainstays. Music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The present show, with Billy de Wolfe and Agnes de Mille, will be replaced on Wed., July 2, by a new one, which will include table-tennis exhibitions by Ruth Aarons and Sandor Glanz. Barry Winton's orchestra will stay on. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof has Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Peggy Fears is singing in the Café Lounge, where Howard Lally's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of *Broadway about* it. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dancing on the *Starlight Roof and also for the show there.*

Miscellaneous—At **le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): the performers here are always a little out of the ordinary, and the whole thing is very satisfactory. Closes for the summer on Sat., June 28. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): *robust songs* by Spivy, swing by Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, and quieter numbers by Betty Bryant—all on top of an office building. . . . **café society uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. . . . **astor roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **biltmore roof**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra will be replaced by Johnny Messner's on Tues., July 1. No dancing Mon. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bobby Byrne's orchestra. . . . **bossert marine roof**, Montague and *Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights* (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor makes you forget the trip; Bobby Parks' orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S.. at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual, low-ceilinged cellar spot, with entertainment by the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **beachcomber**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): Monte Proser is changing the name of this to the Zombie on Tues., July 1. Carmen D'Antonio and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra will be there until then. After that, a new show. . . . **havana-madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band. . . . **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **18 club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, and Lila Lee.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Helena Horne, Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **kelly's stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): no more pretentious than its name, but Billie Holiday, Stuff Smith, and Hot Lips Page's band are there. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away here with his trio, taking Tues. off.

Al-Fresco—A couple of places where the dance floor is practically out under the trees: **tavern-on-the-green**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), and **claremont inn**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600). . . . The **promenade café**, in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center, is now open; no dancing.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **polish restaurant**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Latin: **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Marden's **riviera**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Pancho's orchestra and a show which includes Cross and Dunn and Georges and Jalna. . . . **westchester bath club**, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Ernie Holst's orchestra and a show. . . . **glen island casino**, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-4480): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **chanticler**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra. . . . **meadowbrook**, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra will be replaced by Sonny Dunham's on Sat., June 28. Closed Mon.

Further Out of Town—At **seven ponds inn**, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): Cyril Mansfield's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **monmouth hotel**, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra. . . . **perona farm**, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **sea bright yacht club**, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Charlie Murray's orchestra.

Note—Wanderers in search of shore dinners out Coney Island way might try **lundy's**, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay (DE 6-9090), or **feltman's**, Surf Ave., Coney Island (CO 6-6046).

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Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—**bethpage, l.i.**: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91). . . . **hampton bays, l.i.**: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170). . . . **lake success, l.i.**: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790). . . . **oakdale, l.i.**: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889). . . . **smithtown, l.i.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016), dancing nightly, except Mon. . . . **south huntington, l.i.**: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371). . . . **syosset, l.i.**: Stockholm (Syosset 1749), dancing nightly, except Mon. . . . **westhampton, l.i.**: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841). . . . **amawalk, n.y.**: Benedusi's (Yorktown 984). . . . **cold spring, n.y.**: Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975). . . . **dover plains, n.y.**: Old Drover's Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **hawthorne, n.y.**: Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120). . . . **mt. kisco, n.y.**: Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324). . . . **new city, n.y.**: French Farms (New City 981). . . . **poundridge, n.y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371). . . . **bridgewater, conn.**: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830). . . . **danbury, conn.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548). . . . **norwalk, conn.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . **redding ridge, conn.**: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67). . . . **ridgefield, conn.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves. . . . **southport, conn.**: Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900). . . . **westport, conn.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330), dancing nightly, except Sun. and Mon.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **alpine, n.j.**: Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788). . . . **bernardsville, n.j.**: Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70). . . . **doylestown, pa.**: Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Fri., July 4.)

Calder—New pieces, most of them very lively and striking, by the creator of "mobile" sculptures; Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 28.

European—At the **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64: paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding most of the interest. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **nierendorf**, 18 E. 57: paintings, principally by French and German artists, in a general survey of the modern schools. Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., July 3. . . . **buchholz**, 32 E. 57: some early Braques highlight a selection of modern paintings and sculptures. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., June 28.

French—Several nice Vlamincks in an exhibition that ranges from Signac to Di Chirico: French Art, 51 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., including July 4, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 25.

Groups—At the **milch**, 108 W. 57: Maurice Sterne and Saul Berman show interesting pieces in a collection of oils by contemporary painters. Weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Mon., June 30. . . . **lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne heads a number of works by Werner Drewes, Chagall, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **contemporary arts**, 38 W. 57: paintings of the Hudson River by several artists, including Harold Baumbach and John C. Pellew. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 12. . . . **downtown**, 43 E. 51: Niles Spencer and O. Louis Guglielmi lead a general roundup of this gallery's artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 27. . . . **macbeth**, 11 E. 57: nice oils by Herman Maril and Joseph De Martini, among others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30. . . . **montross**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils by Ann Koesis and Frank London stand out in a show of works by twenty-five contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 31. . . . **associated american artists'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: surprisingly competent paintings, drawings, and sculptures by students of the High School of Music and Art. From 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., June 26. . . . **perls**, 32 E. 58: pleasant oils by Darrel Austin and others in a selection of paintings from this gallery's shows of the past season. Weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., July 3. . . . **kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: oils by Courbet, Sloan, Pissarro, and other French and American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 18. . . . **passedoit**, 121 E. 57: paintings by J. M. Hanson, Dantan Sawyer, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Lane—A first New York showing that reveals an interestingly exploratory, if still slightly unformed, talent: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., June 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—An exhibition of works done by the WPA for the Index of American Design. (Incidentally, many of the rooms housing the museum's permanent collection have been redecorated.) Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Mon., June 30.

Miller and Soderberg—Dashing, rather flashy water colors by Barse Miller; less inspired, more carefully handled ones by Soderberg: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 28.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—"Britain at War," an exhibition of posters, cartoons, photographs, and paintings, showing what English artists are doing. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Fri., July 4, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

Sculpture—Garden pieces by Paul Manship, Wheeler Williams, and Edward McCartan: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

Szyk—Portraits and caricatures, chiefly of wartime figures, together with some miniaturistic illuminations, more or less in the Persian style: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 27.

Here and There—At the **argent**, 42 W. 57: paintings and sculptures by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 27. . . . **weyhe**, 794 Lexington, at 61: paintings by Mrs. Busch Meier-Graefe. Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; other weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., July 3. . . . **kleemann**, 38 E. 57: group show of oils, water colors, and etchings. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **american british art center**, 44 W. 56: small paintings by modern American and British artists. Weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., June 30. . . . **rehn**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: annual summer show of oils and water colors by American artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

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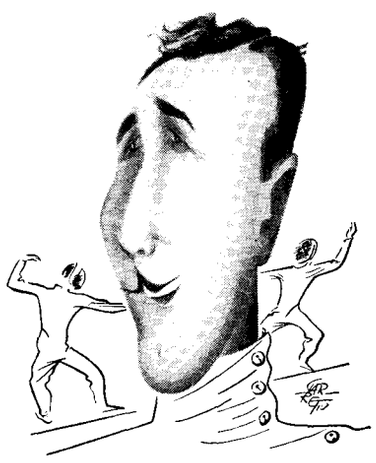

DR. NORMAN ARMITAGE,

who has just won the National Sabre Championship for the seventh time. In the last thirteen years he has never been lower than third place, and he has been on the last three Olympic teams. The "Dr." signifies a Doctorate of Juridical Science obtained at N.Y.U. The mustache is waxed.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Franz Allers conducting, Thurs. and Fri. Eves., June 26-27; Smallens conducting, Sat. and Sun. Eves., June 28-29; Goossens conducting, Mon. Eve., June 30, through July 9. Highlights: Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, presenting "Les Sylphides," "Schéhérazade," and "Le Beau Danube," June 26-27: Veronica Mimoso, June 28; Elman, June

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

30; Corigliano, July 3. (At 8:30. Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138, AU 3-3400. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57, CI 7-5534.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. (except July 4) Eves. at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

OPERA—The Triboro Stadium company presenting "Carmen." Sun. Eve., June 29, at 8:30. (Triboro Stadium, Randalls Island. For tickets, call BR 9-1000.)

OUT OF TOWN—Chamber-music concerts by the Gordon String Quartet: Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . Maverick Chamber Music Society: Maverick Concert Hall, Woodstock, N.Y., Sun. Afts. at 4.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. St. Louis. Thurs. Aft., June 26, at 3; Yankees vs. Boston, Tues. Aft., July 1, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Wed. Aft., July 2, at 3; Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs. Aft., July 3, at 3, and Fri. Aft., July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader); Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., July 5, at 2:30. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Eve., June 27, at 8:45, Sat. Aft., June 28, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., June 29, at 3. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., June 26, at 8:30; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Mon. through Wed. Afts., June 30-July 2, at 3; Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. Aft., July 4, at 1:30 (doubleheader); Dodgers vs. Boston, Sat. Aft., July 5, at 2:30.

BOXING—Polo Grounds: Fritzie Zivic vs. Al Davis, welterweights, 12 rounds, Tues., July 1; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

DOG SHOWS—Monmouth County Kennel Club, Rumson, Sat., June 28, at 10 A.M. . . . Southampton Kennel Club, Southampton, Sat., July 5, at 10 A.M.

FENCING—All-Eastern Individual Sabre Championship, N.Y.A.C., Travers Island, Pelham Manor, Sun., June 29, at 11 A.M.

FLYING—National Gliding and Soaring Contest, Elmira, N.Y., Sat., June 28, through Sun., July 13.

GOLF—Women's Long Island Championship, Nassau C.C., Glen Cove, daily through Fri., June 27, at 9 A.M. . . . Women's Westchester and Fairfield Match-Play Tournament, Apawamis Club, Rye, daily through Fri., June 27, at 9:30 A.M. . . . National Intercollegiates, Columbus, Ohio, daily through Sat., June 28. . . . New Jersey Amateur, Baltusrol G.C., Short Hills, daily through Sat., June 28, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Fri. through Sun., June 27-29, at 9 A.M. . . . Annual Father and Son Tournament, Garden City G.C., Garden City, Mon., June 30, at 8:30 A.M. . . . Westchester Junior, Century C.C., White Plains, Mon. through Wed., June 30-July 2, at 9:30 A.M.

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Thurs. through Sat., June 26-28, at 9 A.M. . . . Sands Point, Sun., June 29, at 9:30 A.M. . . . Huntington Crescent, Huntington, N.Y., Sat. and Sun., July 5-6, at 9 A.M.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club Tournaments: Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30; and Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30. . . . Benefit match for the United Service Organizations, Meadow Brook Club, Fri. Aft., July 4, at 3:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 2:15 P.M.; through Wed., July 2. (The Brooklyn Handicap, June 28.) Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:40 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:40 and 1:40 P.M. on other weekdays. . . . Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:15 P.M., beginning Thurs., July 3. (The Demoiselle Stakes, July 4; the Butler Handicap, July 5.) Special trains will leave Grand Central at 1:06 and 1:30 P.M.

TENNIS—National Intercollegiates, Merion C.C., Haverford, Pa., daily through Sat., June 28, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Eastern Clay Court Championships, Jackson Heights T.C., Jackson Heights, Sat., June 28, through Sun., July 6, at 2 P.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Nassau C.C., Glen Cove, Thurs., July 3, at 2 P.M., and Fri. through Sun., July 4-6, at 10 A.M.

TRACK—National A.A.U. Championships, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., June 28, at 3, and Sun. Aft., June 29, at 2.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury; Eves., except Sun., at 8:40, weather permitting; through July 12. (Grand Circuit, through Sat., June 28.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 5. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M. . . . Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs; Eves., except Sun., at 8; Thurs., June 26, through July 26.

YACHT RACES—McMillan Cup finals, Pleon Y.C., Marblehead, Thurs., June 26. . . . Riverside Y.C., around Stratford Shoal, Sat., June 28. . . . N.Y.Y.C. annual regatta, off Glen Cove, Thurs., July 3. . . . Championships on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Sat., June 28; Larchmont Y.C., Fri., July 4; New Rochelle Y.C., Sat., July 5.

OTHER EVENTS

BARNARD ART—The late George Grey Barnard's second collection of Romanesque and Gothic pieces, assembled after the first became a part of the present Cloisters, has been placed on sale and may be seen at the old Cloisters building, 698 Fort Washington Ave., at 190. Daily 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 28. (Admission fees will be turned over to the Red Cross.)

WAR EXHIBIT—An exhibition of an air-raid shelter, anti-aircraft guns, parts of British and German planes, and similar combat equipment from abroad has been opened at the Museum of Science and Industry, Rockefeller Center. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

BENEFIT—The Westchester Opera Association Ball, for Bundles for Britain: Westchester C.C., Rye, Fri. Eve., June 27, at 8. (For tickets, call PL 5-5890.)

NOTE—You might want to stop by some evening and look in on the activities in the giant dance hall which Monte Proser has made out of Madison Square Garden. Two or three big orchestras play nightly from 8 to 2.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BIG STORE—The Marx Brothers again, and young as ever. See Harpo on roller skates let loose in the toy department. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

CITIZEN KANE—This opened, and the world didn't come to an end after all. A triumph, certainly, for Orson Welles and his colleagues, and, above all others, the film one has to see. (Palace, B'way at 47; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

FANTASIA—Walt Disney's wondrous combination of Bach, Beethoven, Mickey Mouse, Stokowski with the Philadelphia, Pa., Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, and humor, and beauty, and general exaltation. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS—Quirpish comedy, often quite funny, with Marlene Dietrich as a wicked siren of the old days. Also with Roland Young and Bruce Cabot, and directed by René Clair. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs. and Fri., July 3-4.)

KITTY FOYLE—Homely drama of the poor but beautiful working girl, braced and embellished by the presence of Ginger Rogers. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., July 2-3.)

KU KAN—Rey Scott's travelogue of China: the Burma Road and so on, and especially the bombing of Chungking. (World, 153 W. 49.)

MAJOR BARBARA—George Bernard Shaw's own version of one of his older plays—one which may seem somewhat quaint now and of a very different era than ours. With Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, Emlyn Williams, and an altogether superior cast. (Astor, B'way at 45; through Sun., June 29.)

MAN HUNT—Berchtesgaden and London, spies and sportsmen, and a great deal of activity in general. With Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

OUT OF THE FOG—Ida Lupino and John Garfield in a drama of life along the waterfront of Sheepshead Bay. From Irwin Shaw's play "The Gentle People." An exciting and stirring business. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—Katharine Hepburn's triumphant screen presentation of her rôle in Philip Barry's play. With Cary Grant. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison: Mon. and Tues., June 30-July 1.)

POT O' GOLD—Mild humor which can tide you over a dull slump. With Paulette Goddard and James Stewart. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., June 30. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., July 2.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!—Vivien Leigh as Emma, the most beautiful model of them all, and Laurence Olivier as her famous sailor. Not so much history as just a big costume piece. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Tues., July 1. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Thurs., June 30-July 3. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Thurs., July 3.)

UNDERGROUND—Another Gestapo item, with Jeffrey Lynn and Philip Dorn, and one of the grimmest yet. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT—Circus life not streamlined, with Humphrey Bogart and Sylvia Sidney. A shocker of the old school, with never a quiet minute in it. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., June 26. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., June 27. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., June 30. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; starting Fri., July 4.)

A WOMAN'S FACE—Drama, grim drama, with Joan Crawford as a heroine, scarred and deformed. Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt are also involved, but without scars. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., June 30. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., June 27-29. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Thurs., July 3.)

ZIEGFELD GIRL—The grand, magnificent days of yore when the New Amsterdam Theatre was at the height of its glory. With Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., July 2. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 1-5. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Sat., July 2-5.)

NOTE—Through Sun., June 29, the Museum of Modern Art will show a series (three programs put on in rotation) of reticent and brief film sketches of current life in England. On the following day it will start reviving a number of old movies in this order—Mon. and Tues., June 30-July 1: "The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots" (1895), "Wash Day Troubles" (1896), "A Trip to the Moon" (1902), "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), "Rescued by Rover" (1905), "Possibilities of War in the Air" (1910), "Shootin' Mad" (1911), and "Queen Elizabeth," with Sarah Bernhardt (1912). Wed. and Thurs., July 2-3: "The Conjurer" (1899), "A Trip to the Moon" (1902), "The Palace of the Arabian Nights" (1905), "The Doctor's Secret" (1908), and "The Conquest of the Pole" (1912). Fri. and Sat., July 4-5: ten early French films (1905-1910). Daily at 4 P.M.; also Sun. at 2 P.M. and Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 P.M. (11 W. 53, CI 5-8900.)

REVIVALS

ARISE, MY LOVE (1940)—Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, with the war for a background. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Fri., July 4.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Racy and French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 26.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Fri., June 27.)

FOUR FEATHERS (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 26.)

100 MEN AND A GIRL (1937)—Leopold Stokowski, Deanna Durbin, and an orchestra. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., June 29.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., July 1-2.)

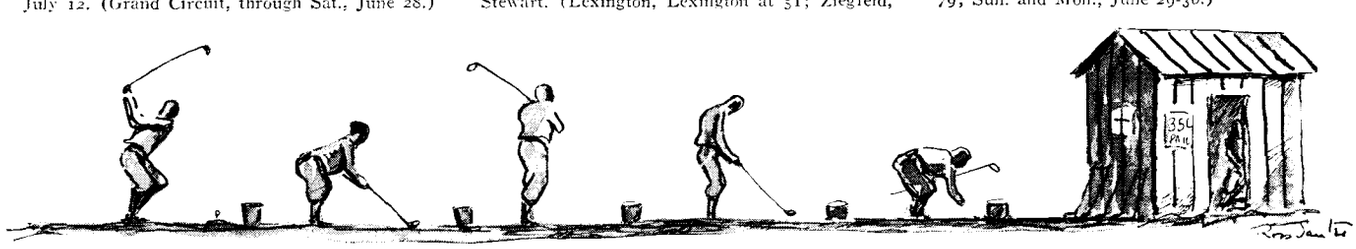
MAYERLING (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 26.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo's first comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., June 27-28.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., July 2-3.)

PRIMROSE PATH (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., June 29.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., June 29-30.)



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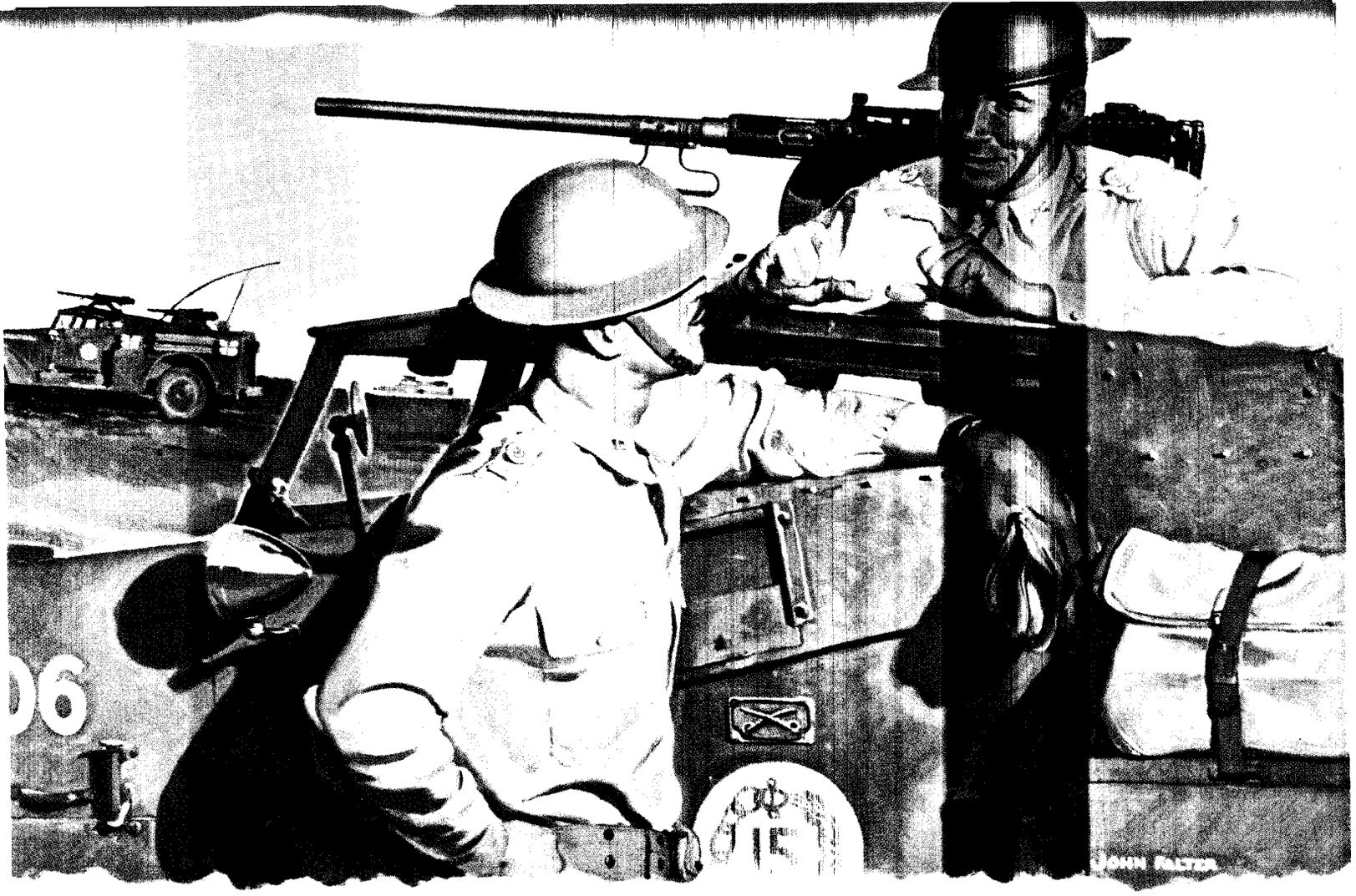

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE death of Dan Beard brought back our own solemn days as a Boy Scout and also, by some freak of memory, the most hopeful sentence in the English language: A Scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. It is hard to say why these twelve adjectives should have stuck in our head in the first place, since there is nothing about them likely to suggest anything romantic or interesting to a boy of twelve. How they have persisted for a quarter of a century we have no idea, but there they are, along with a lot of other very strange junk we had little use for when we learned it and none whatever now. Latin verbs compounded with *ad*, *ante*, *con*, *in*, *inter*, *ob*, *post*, *prae*, *pro*, *sub*, *super*, and sometimes *circum* take the dative. The railway stations on the South Shore of Long Island run Lynbrook, Rockville Centre, Baldwin, Freeport, Merrick, Bellmore, Wantagh, Seaford, Massapequa, Amityville, Copiague, Lindenhurst, Babylon, and so on out to Montauk. There is something arresting about all these lists —a mysterious scansion—that will keep them with us long after we have forgotten other and far more weighty sequences, perhaps even the one beginning Vienna, Prague, Warsaw, Helsinki, Copenhagen, Oslo. The human memory, as we say, is a very peculiar instrument.

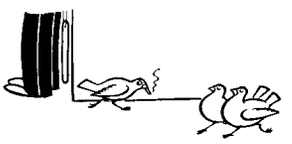
IN a recent interview, Ernest Hemingway said that when and if the art of free expression vanishes from the North American continent it may well turn up, more beautiful than ever, in the hands of the Chinese. "I have the greatest confidence in the Chinese," Mr. Hemingway said. We have the greatest confidence in the Chinese, too, but we're not so sure about them as novelists and playwrights, especially for Occidental consumption. The intricate, though entirely rational, domestic life of the Orient is going to call for a fairly drastic revision of our basic literary formula—the

fundamental Boy-Meets-Girl, which has made our own artists rich and great. We find it hard, though funny, to imagine what the enslaved American of the future is going to make of the smuggled books and plays based on the curious pattern of behavior in the East—Boy Meets Girl, Boy Meets Concubine, Boy Gets Both.

THE other night, on the Red Mill boat ride in Luna Park, a drunk saw pixies. He stood up, shouted at them, and dived into the water, managing to upset the boat and precipitate seven total strangers into two feet of very cold water. The more we think about this little anecdote, the more we like it, and it has far wider implications for us than simple delirium tremens. In its own way, it is as flawless and imperishable as a grub in amber, a genuine fable for our times. The whole story is so exactly characteristic of our age: the gaudy, hysterical surroundings, the overstimulated citizen, the sudden frightful apparition, and then the cata-

clysm, felling guilty and innocent alike. We enjoy the thought that our day will be remembered in terms of this unfortunate visionary in Luna Park, that just as one era is typified by a boy with a fox gnawing at his vitals and another by a man who apologized for thinking that the earth revolved around the sun, we will go down in history as a lot of people who saw pixies in Coney Island and upset the boat.

WE were genuinely shocked by the news that two ingenious rascals have been using carrier pigeons to transport policy slips to a policy banker. The two policy-slip collectors were arrested and adequately punished by the law, but we are sorry to note that the guilty pigeons made good their escape. They have brought disgrace to a tradition of patriotism and valor that is centuries old and includes such heroes as Cher Ami, a feathered Spartan of the last war who brought word from the Lost Battalion with his leg and breastbone shattered. We suspect these policy



couriers are the gangsters of their tribe, shunned by their law-abiding fellows, living always on the fringe of pigeon society, their pinfeathers twitching nervously at the sight of a policeman, and a twisted snarl hovering about their beaks. We hope a hawk gets them.

OUR wife was entertaining some of her noisy friends the other afternoon, so we went to a movie, arriving late and sitting up near the front. Almost as soon as we sat down, a small boy next to us stood up and hit the child in front of him sharply over the head with a book. This seemed to inflame a little girl further up the row, who turned around and offered to break his jaw or, for that matter, anybody's, and a friend of hers shouted, "You tell 'em, Gracie!" We suggested that everybody sit down

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and look at the picture, and for a while everybody did, but soon it started all over again. At this point we were glad to see an usher in a nurse's uniform coming down the aisle and waited contentedly for her to get things quiet. Instead, it was our shoulder that she tapped. "Would you mind getting out of the children's section?" she said coldly.

No Future

THINGS aren't bad enough; there has to be a shortage of balls for crystal-gazing, so the outcome is still more shrouded in mystery. Briefly, the situation is this: Quartz-crystal balls used to come from Japan and the cheaper, poured-glass ones (used principally by the kind of seeresses who are thrown in with a forty-five-cent table d'hôte) were made in Central Europe. There are no more imports, yet there isn't quite enough demand to induce American plants to tool up for production. The Waeldin Cutlery Company, down in Maiden Lane, once sold a good two gross of Czecho-Slovakian poured-glass balls every year, and now they have less than a dozen in stock. The reason they have any at all is that the crystal-ball trade is complicated by the fact that a prophet apparently can't make do with just any old crystal to gaze in. This was forcibly borne in on Waeldin's recently, when a gypsy planked down $2.20 for a three-inch ball and took it away, exclaiming, "Just what I've been wanting!" Four hours later he was back. "It doesn't work," he said. Waeldin's clerk refunded the $2.20 without question, as is their custom, the only alternative being to prove that the ball *did* work.

You can pay as much as $400 for a quartz-crystal ball—probably not excessive, considering that it takes almost a month to grind one. Quartz balls are cool to the touch and give a double image when placed upon a page of print; ordinary poured-glass balls feel warm and give no double image. If you happen to be in the market for a quartz-crystal ball, Aitchison & Co., the Fifth Avenue opticians, have a dandy, a two-and-three-quarters-incher that sells for $50. That's about half-price. Aitchison's purchased it advantageously from an estate. If you just want to look at crystal balls, there are six or seven beauties in the Mineral and Gem Hall of the Museum of Natural History. Crystal balls —probably just glass, really—used to be listed in the Sears Roebuck catalogue; in the current edition, we find bath crystals, moth crystals, and mineral-water crystals, but no crystal balls.

Crystal-gazing is no laughing matter, need we say? It's an undisputed psychological fact that self-hypnosis can be induced by freeing one's mind of outside stimuli and concentrating on a point of light reflected in glass. In this state, you get subjective images not unlike the dreamlike pictures that some people see just before they fall asleep. Crystal is better than glass because it reflects a cleaner, finer point of light. If you want to economize, you can do what the yogis do—sit in a darkened room, pour ink into a plate, and place a lighted candle beside it. Then, if you stare long enough into the reflection of the candle in the ink, you'll get tips on the horses.

Type

FELLOW from out of town, a Williams man who had long held a non-resident membership in the University Club, had occasion to stay there for the night a week or so ago, for the first time in years. The next morning he decided that the bed in the room assigned to him had been the hardest he'd ever slept on, or tried to sleep on. He brooded about the bed on the way home, and by the time he arrived was in a mood to write a letter of complaint, which he did. He received a prompt and sympathetic reply from the management, and an explanation. "Our room clerk says that you appeared to him to be a hard-bed man," they wrote.

Whiskers

NEW YORK isn't what it used to be. Today, there is only one letter-carrier with a beard in the whole city, just one. He is Rubin London, attached to Station N on West Sixty-ninth Street, and he possesses a light-brown, bushy, full beard which reaches well down over his chest. We had a talk with Mr. London last week and found him to be neat, philosophical, twenty-four, six foot one, and courteous. "If I'd known you were coming," he said during a conversation conducted in front of Station N, "I'd have brushed it out for you." Mr. London, who was born in the Bronx and still lives there, has a considerable record of hirsuteness behind him, having gone through James Monroe High School without ever touching a razor and thus raising a substantial beard and mustache in his teens. He then spent two years in CCC camps in the State of Washington, where he was obliged to shave. In December, 1938, he returned to the East and his old laissez-faire life, and he hasn't had a shave since. He joined the postal service eight months ago as a substitute carrier. In this capacity he fills in on the routes when the regular postmen are sick or on vacation and hangs out at the station the rest of the time to handle special deliveries. Early-morning recipients of these, sleepily opening the door to see an Oberammergau type before them, are often startled. Mr. London tries promptly to put them at their ease. "I give them a start," he told us, "but I always say 'Special delivery' right away."

Mr. London, who is known to his colleagues as Whiskers, keeps his beard untangled with a plain comb, which he bought for ten cents, and shampoos it with Ivory soap every six weeks. "Every night, I massage it until my arms are tired and I feel as though it's on fire," he informed us, and proceeded to give a demonstration rub, to the astonishment of several passers-by. We asked him if he was married and he looked at us with surprise. "Who'd want to marry me?" he said.

Mr. London lives in the Bronx with his parents and a brother, and drives to work in a car which he bought for five dollars, a great deal less than most men with beards pay for their cars—General Vanderbilt, for instance. Although London's adornment lets him in for a good deal of spoofing on the hey-Jack-where's-your-violin order, and apartment-house doormen, taking him for a derelict, occasionally try to throw him out when he is calling in line of duty, he is a resolute beard-owner and no man to be swayed from his way of life. "As to my intentions of cutting it off—absolutely none," he told us firmly. His conception of his beard as a permanent feature of his life is strengthened by the fact

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that he believes it enables him to size up human nature as no clean-shaven observer can. "My beard gives me a psychological way of studying people's reactions," he advised us, stroking it thoughtfully. "The way children act toward me, I can instantly detect the difference in their upbringing. If they've been brought up right, they call me Santa Claus. If they run away, I know they haven't been brought up right. I'm walking down the street and some mother says to her child, 'Look out, the bogey man will get you.' I always stop, and I say, 'Lady, please don't talk to your little one that way. You will give him a complex.' "

The Post Office Department has no objection whatever to London's beard and, except for a word from the Superintendent of Delivery urging him to keep it neat, has taken no formal cognizance of it. He trims it himself. He never smokes, as a matter of precaution. While he doesn't think the beard has ever held him back in his career, he doubts if it has ever done him much good, either, other than psychologically. Last winter, it is true, the manager of the House of David basketball team, which was around town for a while, invited him to join the squad and, when he showed up at a few games, encouraged him to romp about the floor during warm-up periods, but he never got into a game. "Not today," the manager would say. Mr. London reported this to us with the complacency befitting a bearded man. "I concluded," he said, "that they just had me around for the prestige. I had the best beard."

"It doesn't take much to collect a crowd in New York."

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Exception

LATEST development in the Lilly Daché strike, our most fashionable labor dispute, is the rôle being played in it by Jonai, Inc., a dress shop located in the same building as Daché, on East Fifty-sixth Street. Last week, right behind the picket who walked back and forth bearing a "Lilly Daché on Strike" sign, marched a non-picket bearing a sign saying, "Jonai Not on Strike."

Nomenclature

WE'VE investigated the government's policy of naming ships and herewith report, as our contribution to this week's preparedness enlightenment. According to a law passed in 1819, American naval vessels are named by the President, with the assistance of the Secretary of the Navy. There are certain limits, however. Ships of the line must be named after states of the Union, a proviso evidently put in to prevent some romantic President's coming along and calling a first-class ship Myrtle. Cruisers must be named after large cities, gunboats after smaller ones. Recently a cruiser was christened Amsterdam after Amsterdam, New York, which has a population of 35,000, and there is still considerable talk in conservative naval circles to the effect that Amsterdam is only a gunboat town. Ammunition ships are named for the ingredients of smokeless powder: U.S.S. Nitro, U.S.S. Pyro. Aircraft carriers commemorate historic naval vessels or battles: Bonhomme Richard, Wasp, Yorktown. Destroyers bear the names of men distinguished one way or another for their service to the Navy—officers or enlisted men of the Navy or Marine Corps, former Secretaries of the Navy, members of Congress, and inventors. Quaintly enough, there are at present three destroyers named Jones (Hilary P., Jacob, and Paul). This results in certain postal trouble.

Submarines are named after marine animals and the Navy has already run out of reasonably well-known ones; witness, Searaven, Sculpin, and Seadragon. Mine-sweepers are named after birds: Bobolink, Owl, Catbird. Submarine rescue vessels are given bird names,

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too: Chewink, Pigeon, Ortolan. For coastal mine-sweepers, a type recently put into service, the Navy has adopted such abstract and high-flown names as Adamant, Conqueror, and Heroic.

Among the other small fry, destroyer tenders bear the names of mountain ranges, valleys, and the like: Sierra, Cascade, Yosemite. Seaplane tenders take their names from islands, inlets, coves, or bays, such as Pine Island and Oyster Bay. Fulton, Holland, Sperry, Bushnell, and other men prominent in the development of the submarine are commemorated by submarine tenders. The humble repair ships get names from mythology; there's one surprised repair ship named Vestal. Oilers are named for rivers—Brazos, Cimarron, and Tippecanoe—and cargo ships for stars: Capella, Sirius, and Spica. Oceangoing tugs take the names of Indian tribes, and that's the only way we'd ever have learned of the existence of the Algorma, Kalmia, and Pinola Indians. Relief, Mercy, Solace, and such names indicate hospital ships. Navy transports are called after Marine Corps officers: Zeilin, Barnett, and William Ward Burrows. The new motor torpedo boats just have numbers.

Finance

ONE of the young men we know was sufficiently depressed when he drew a fairly low draft number, and then his bank account got to acting up on him. He had opened this a year or so ago with more optimism than capital and immediately ran into frequent two-dollar penalties for issuing a check without having the funds to cover it and subsequently there was a practically chronic monthly assessment of $2 for not maintaining a minimum balance of $200. Our young depositor had distinguished himself in mathematics at one of the finest colleges in the East and it took him only a certain length of time to figure out that his checking account was costing him around $24 a year. He decided to close it out at once, called up his bank, and was advised that his balance was $16.67. Accordingly he made out a check in that amount and sent it to his landlord, on account. In a day or so the landlord informed him bleakly that the check had bounced. He rushed over to the bank and found that, apparently upon the arrival of the check, the bank had deducted the $2 for its monthly penalty. This reduced the account to $14.67. The bank thereupon rejected the check and deducted another $2 as the penalty for "insufficient funds." Our young friend retrieved $12.67 from the wreckage. He is now numbly awaiting word from the draft board.

"But what in the world has asparagus to do with national defence?"

Chaplain's Progress

HAVING long suspected that sporting events are not the unadulterated hardships they sound in print, we were gratified last week when we met Dr. Raymond Collyer Knox, Columbia University's sixty-five-year-old rowing chaplain, a few days after his row up the Hudson from New York to Krum Elbow and learned, through some adroit questioning, that the trip was considerably less arduous than we had gathered from the newspapers. We read, for instance, that the Chaplain took with him only some water, tea, and "maybe a sandwich or two." Well, there was good reason for his not taking more. Dr. Knox intended to stop for lunch, which he did. He also stopped for lunch on the five other days of his journey and, in fact, didn't row at all after lunch, so he had dinner ashore as well. Since he didn't leave a given point until after breakfast, the tea and sandwiches should be regarded as something like an ice-cream soda in the middle of the afternoon.

Dr. Knox took off, in a seventy-five-pound cedar shell, on Tuesday, June 10th, at 7:45 A.M., after a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs, and arrived at Upper Nyack at 11:30, after a brisk row of twenty-six miles. There he stayed with friends, who gave him lunch and dinner and put him up for the night. Just before lunch, Mrs. Knox, having motored up from Manhattan, handed him his dark-blue suit and a clean shirt, which he put on. Wednesday morning, after a hearty breakfast, he took to the water, arriving at Grassy Point, twelve miles away, at 11:30. According to the papers, he didn't get to West Point until the fourth day, and this was correct so far as his rowing was concerned, but actually he also spent his sec-

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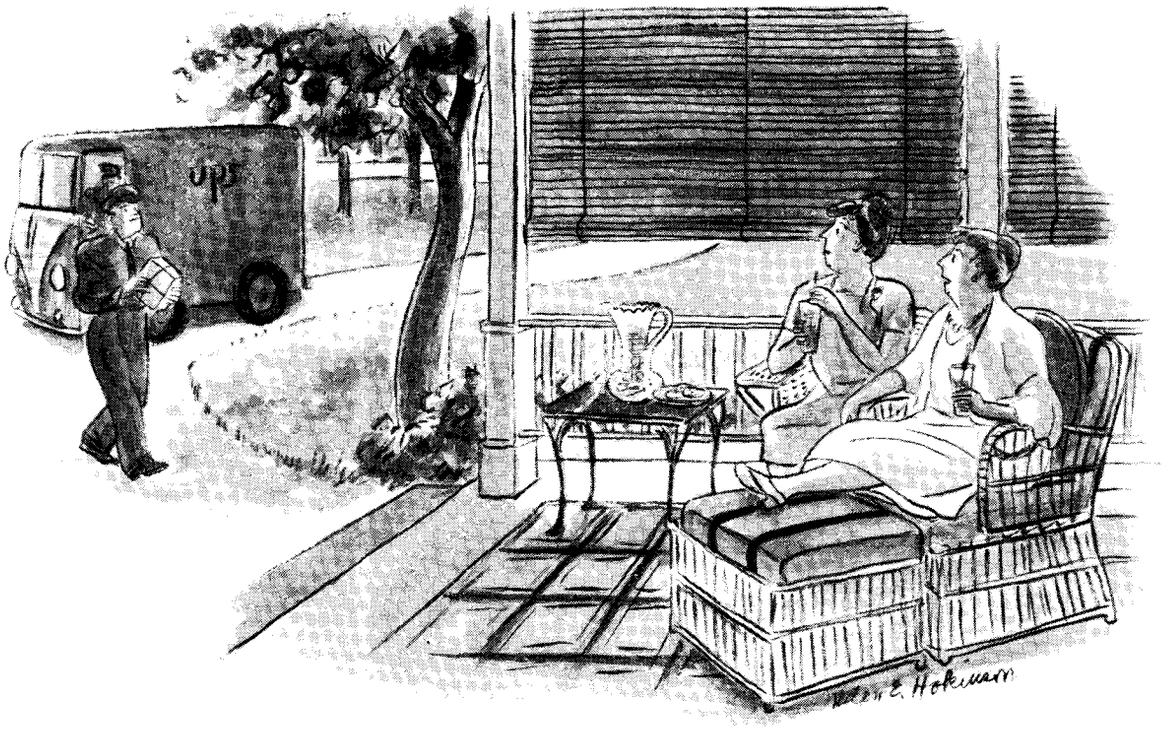
ond and third nights at West Point. This surrealist situation may be explained as follows: Mrs. Knox, not knowing where her husband would be that night, had taken his blue suit from Nyack to a friend's house at West Point Wednesday morning. No sooner had the Chaplain arrived at Grassy Point and deposited his shell in someone's back yard than he telephoned his West Point friend to bring him his suit. The latter did this and then drove Dr. Knox to West Point, whence, after a hearty lunch and dinner, a good night's sleep, and a hearty breakfast Thursday morning, he was driven back to Grassy Point. There he boarded his shell and landed, at 12:10, south of the West Point lighthouse. His West Point friend, advised of his whereabouts by telephone, again met him with the blue suit and drove him to West Point, whence, after a hearty lunch and dinner on Thursday, a good night's sleep, and a hearty breakfast Friday morning, he was motored back to his shell. On Friday, in a heavy rain, he rowed two miles to West Point, arriving in time for lunch. Saturday morning at eleven, after a substantial breakfast, he rowed thirteen miles to Chelsea, near Newburgh, arriving in time to have lunch with two of his uncles, old residents of Chelsea. He stayed with his uncles over Sunday, attending church, and on Monday at 9:30, after a hearty breakfast, proceeded to Krum Elbow, arriving around 1:30, just in time to have lunch at the Columbia crew's training quarters there.

We have gone into the Chaplain's itinerary in some detail to show that men of action are not necessarily damn fools, and do not mean to reflect on his prowess. His hands were full of calluses when we saw him, and he looked lithe and wiry in his light-gray suit. He advised us that he rows about two hundred days a year, generally in the late afternoon after his Bible classes at Columbia are over, and that he started rowing when he was a boy living in Beacon. Dr. Knox's duties at the university naturally include the delivery of a great many sermons and he feels these are improved by his rowing, which tones him up. He has never caught a crab in his life. His only other forms of exercise are ten minutes' work every morning and evening on a pair of rubber bands with grips, and swimming. He can float indefinitely, he told us. Once, at Long Beach, a lifeguard who had been watching him float for some time rowed out to pick him up, thinking he was a corpse.



"Oh dear! Here come those napkins I wasn't going to buy."

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Scoop

THIS tale proves—if the matter can be said to need proof—that the journalists of New York are alert, imaginative, and determined to learn what's going on, even if we do have voluntary censorship. A young newspaper reporter, plunging through the garment district, just happened to notice a scrap of blue-and-gold cloth in the gutter. He had passed by before his brain registered the incredible fact that the cloth bore, in gold lettering, the words "North Sea Mine Patrol, U.S.N." So, thought the young man, it's come; our Navy is over there. He retrieved the cloth, which proved to be in the shape of a small shield, and took up the trail.

Reasoning that the shield must have blown out of a window or dropped from a pushcart, the reporter scouted all the buildings in the block, until finally he found a firm that specialized in uniforms. Cagey inquiry revealed, further, that the firm was doing "sub-contract" work; i.e., making parts of naval uniforms for another manufacturer, who had a contract with the Navy. A number of workers were leaving to go to lunch and the reporter followed one of them, caught up with him in the street, introduced himself by means of his reporter's police card, and suddenly whipped the scrap of insignia from his pocket. "Does this mean anything to you?" he snapped. The worker turned pale and looked nervously about him. "Put that away," he muttered. "Yes, we make those. Nobody in our office knows anything about them, though, and I think you'd be doing a public service if you investigated." The man finally broke down, however, and admitted that the insignia had been ordered by a private party in Boston, one Macdonald. The worker gave the reporter Macdonald's Boston address. "Macdonald can tell you all about it—if he will," he said. Sure enough, Macdonald did, when the reporter telephoned him. "Yes, I ordered the shields," he said. "I belong to an outfit of veterans who served in the North Sea in 1918, and we're getting something to wear for identification at our next convention."

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THE INNER MAN

Strict Diet

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SONG OF THE SHIRT, 1941

IT was one of those extraordinarily bright days that make things look somehow bigger. The Avenue seemed to stretch wider and longer, and the buildings to leap higher into the skies. The window-box blooms were not just a mass and a blur; it was as if they had been enlarged, so that you could see the design of the blossoms and even their separate petals. Indeed you could sharply see all sorts of pleasant things that were usually too small for your notice—the lean figurines on radiator caps, and the nice round gold knobs on flagpoles, the flowers and fruits on ladies' hats and the creamy dew applied to the eyelids beneath them. There should be more of such days.

The exceptional brightness must have had its effect upon unseen objects, too, for Mrs. Martindale, as she paused to look up the Avenue, seemed actually to feel her heart grow bigger than ever within her. The size of Mrs. Martindale's heart was renowned among her friends, and they, as friends will, had gone around babbling about it. And so Mrs. Martindale's name was high on the lists of all those organizations that send out appeals to buy tickets and she was frequently obliged to be photographed seated at a table, listening eagerly to her neighbor, at some function for the good of charity. Her big heart did not, as is so sadly often the case, inhabit a big bosom. Mrs. Martindale's breasts were admirable, delicate yet firm, pointing one to the right, one to the left; angry at each other, as the Russians have it.

Her heart was the warmer, now, for the fine sight of the Avenue. All the flags looked brand-new. The red and the white and the blue were so vivid they fairly vibrated, and the crisp stars seemed to dance on their points. Mrs. Martindale had a flag, too, clipped to the lapel of her jacket. She had had quantities of rubies and diamonds and sapphires just knocking about, set in floral designs on evening bags and vanity boxes and cigarette cases; she had taken the lot of them to her jeweller, and he had assembled them into a charming little Old Glory. There had been enough of them for him to devise a rippled flag, and that was fortunate, for those flat flags looked sharp and stiff. There were numbers of emeralds, formerly figuring as leaves and stems in the floral designs, which were of course of no use to the present scheme and so were left over, in an embossed leather case. Someday, perhaps, Mrs. Martindale would confer with her jeweller about an arrangement to employ them. But there was no time for such matters now.

There were many men in uniform walking along the Avenue under the bright banners. The soldiers strode quickly and surely, each on to a destination. The sailors, two by two, ambled, paused at a corner and looked down a street, gave it up and went slower along their unknown way. Mrs. Martindale's heart grew again as she looked at them. She had a friend who made a practice of stopping uniformed men on the street and thanking them, individually, for what they were doing for *her*. Mrs. Martindale felt that this was going unnecessarily far. Still, she did see, a little bit, what her friend meant.

And surely no soldier or sailor would have objected to being addressed by Mrs. Martindale. For she was lovely, and no other woman was lovely like her. She was tall, and her body streamed like a sonnet. Her face was formed all of triangles, as a cat's is, and her eyes and her hair were blue-gray. Her hair did not taper in its growth about her forehead and temples; it sprang suddenly, in great thick waves, from a straight line across her brow. Its blue-gray was not premature. Mrs. Martindale lingered in her fragrant forties. Has not afternoon been adjudged the fairest time of the day?

TO see her, so delicately done, so finely finished, so softly sheltered by her very loveliness, you might have laughed to hear that she was a workingwoman. "Go on!" you might have said, had such been your unfortunate manner of expressing disbelief. But you would have been worse than coarse; you would have been wrong. Mrs. Martindale worked, and worked hard. She worked doubly hard, for she was unskilled at what she did, and she disliked the doing of it. But for two months she had worked every afternoon five afternoons of every week, and had shirked no moment. She received no remuneration for her steady services. She gave them because she felt she should do so. She felt that you should do what you could, hard and humbly. She practiced what she felt.

The special office of the war-relief organization where Mrs. Martindale served was known to her and her coworkers as Headquarters; some of them had come to call it H.Q. These last were of the group that kept agitating for the adoption of a uniform—the design had not been thoroughly worked out, but the idea was of something nurselike, only with a fuller skirt and a long blue cape and white gauntlets. Mrs. Martindale was not in agreement with this faction. It had always been hard for her to raise her voice in opposition, but she did, although softly. She said that while of course there was nothing *wrong* about a uniform, certainly nobody could possibly say there was anything *wrong* with the idea, still it seemed—well, it seemed not quite right to make the work an excuse, well, for fancy dress, if they didn't mind her saying so. Naturally, they wore their coifs at Headquarters, and if anybody wanted to take your photograph in your coif, you should go through with it, because it was good for the organization and publicized its work. But please, not whole uniforms, said Mrs. Martindale. Not *yet*, anyway, Mrs. Martindale said.

Headquarters was, many said, the stiffest office of all the offices of all the war-relief organizations in the city. It was not a place where you dropped in and knitted. Knitting, once you have caught the hang of it, is agreeable work, a relaxation from what strains life may be putting upon you. When you knit, save when you are at those bits where you must count stitches, there is enough of your mind left over for you to take part in conversations, and for you to be receptive of news and generous with it. But at Headquarters they sewed. They did a particularly difficult and tedious form of sewing. They made those short, shirtlike coats, fastened in back with tapes, that are put on patients in hospitals. Each garment must have two sleeves, and all the edges must be securely bound. The material was harsh to the touch and the smell, and impatient of the needle of the novice. Mrs. Martindale had made three and had another almost half done. She had thought that

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after the first one the others would be easier and quicker of manufacture. They had not been.

There were sewing machines at Headquarters, but few of the workers understood the running of them. Mrs. Martindale herself was secretly afraid of a machine; there had been a nasty story, never traced to its source, of somebody who put her thumb in the wrong place, and down came the needle, right through nail and all. Besides, there was something—you didn't know quite how to say it—something more of sacrifice, of service, in making things by hand. She kept on at the task that never grew lighter. It was wished that there were more of her calibre.

For many of the workers had given up the whole thing long before their first garment was finished. And many others, pledged to daily attendance, came only now and then. There was but a handful like Mrs. Martindale.

All gave their services, although there were certain doubts about Mrs. Corning, who managed Headquarters. It was she who oversaw the work, who cut out the garments, and explained to the workers what pieces went next to what other pieces. (It did not always come out as intended. One amateur seamstress toiled all the way to the completion of a coat that had one sleeve depending from the middle of the front. It was impossible to keep from laughing; and a sharp tongue suggested that it might be sent in as it was, in case an elephant was brought to bed. Mrs. Martindale was the first to say, "Ah, don't! She worked so hard over it.") Mrs. Corning was a cross woman, hated by all. The high standards of Headquarters were important to the feelings of the workers, but it was agreed that there was no need for Mrs. Corning to scold so shrilly when one of them moistened the end of her thread between her lips before thrusting it into her needle.

"Well, really," one of the more spirited among the rebuked had answered her. "If a little clean spit's the worst they're ever going to get on them . . ."

The spirited one had returned no more to Headquarters, and there were those who felt that she was right. The episode drew new members into the school of thought that insisted Mrs. Corning was paid for what she did.

WHEN Mrs. Martindale paused in the clear light and looked along the Avenue, it was at a moment of earned leisure. She had just left Headquarters. She was not to go back to it for many weeks, nor were any of the other workers. Somewhere the cuckoo had doubtless sung, for summer was coming in. And what with everybody leaving town, it was only sensible to shut Headquarters until autumn. Mrs. Martindale, and with no guilt about it, had looked forward to a holiday from all that sewing.

Well, she was to have none, it turned out. While the workers were gaily bidding farewells and calling out appointments for the autumn, Mrs. Corning had cleared her throat hard to induce quiet and had made a short speech. She stood beside a table piled with cutout sections of hospital coats not yet sewn together. She was a graceless woman, and though it may be assumed that she meant to be appealing, she sounded only disagreeable. There was, she said, a desperate need, a dreadful need, for hospital garments. More were wanted right away, hundreds and thousands of them; the organization had had a cable that morning, urging and pleading. Headquarters was closing until September—that meant all work would stop. Certainly they had all earned a vacation. And yet, in the face of the terrible need, she could not help asking—she would like to call for volunteers to take coats with them, to work on at home.

There was a little silence, and then a murmur of voices, gaining in volume and in assurance as the owner of each realized that it was not the only one. Most of the workers, it seemed, would have been perfectly willing, but

THEN AND NOW

Then was the grown-up world of tall decision,
Its beauty of late nights denied a child;
World of bewildering gifts, and strange derision,
Alien alike whether it frowned or smiled;
But your least wish was governed by its laws.
The landscape and the weather both were odd,
Exploding with effects that hid a cause
Serene and lonely as the Will of God.
Recall it: peopled by an august race
Immune to the passions that attack the young,
And knowing all; there every commonplace
Must be translated from a marvellous tongue.

Now is the world of grandeur dwindled, shrunk
To what the stupidest can understand;
The shabby treasures of an exile's trunk
Include no passport to that wonderland,
Though you are told you are its citizen.
The scenery is changed, the climate dull,
The fateful masks are faces, gods are men,
Most nights are long and none are magical.
But there are strangers even here, whose speech
Is rich in barbarous mystery, whose ways
Are private, who live wholly beyond reach,
Admired and feared, though none of us obeys
Their foreign rule. No dictators, and yet
Strong utterly. While we, with pity wrung
For what they must do, suffer, learn, forget,
Feel shy when we approach them. They are young.

—Babette Deutsch

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they felt that they absolutely must give their entire time to their children, whom they had scarcely *seen* because of being at Headquarters so constantly. Others said they were just plain too worn out, and that was all there was to it. It must be admitted that for some moments Mrs. Martindale felt with this latter group. Then shame waved over her like a blush, and swiftly, quietly, with the blue-gray head held high, she went to Mrs. Corning.

"Mrs. Corning," she said, "I should like to take twelve, please."

Mrs. Corning was nicer than Mrs. Martindale had ever seen her. She put out her hand and grasped Mrs. Martindale's.

"Thank you," she said, and her shrill voice was gentle.

But then she had to go and be the way she always had been before. She snatched her hand from Mrs. Martindale's and turned to the table, starting to assemble garments.

"And please, Mrs. Martindale," she said, shrilly, "kindly try and remember to keep the seams straight. Wounded people can be made terribly uncomfortable by crooked seams, you know. And if you could manage to get your stitches even, the coat would look much more professional and give our organization a higher standing. And time is terribly important. They're in an awful hurry for these. So if you could just manage to be a little quicker, it would help a lot."

Really, if Mrs. Martindale hadn't offered to take the things, she would have . . .

The twelve coats still in sections, together with the coat that was half finished, made a formidable bundle. Mrs. Martindale had to send down for her chauffeur to come and carry it to her car for her. While she waited for him, several of the workers came up, rather slowly, and volunteered to sew at home. Four was the highest number of garments promised.

Mrs. Martindale did say goodbye to Mrs. Corning, but she expressed no pleasure at the hope of seeing her again in the autumn. You do what you can, and you do it because you should. But all you can do is all you can do.

OUT on the Avenue, Mrs. Martindale was herself again. She kept her eyes from the great package the chauffeur had placed in the car. After all, she might, and honorably, allow herself a recess. She need not go home and start sewing again immediately. She would send the chauffeur home with the bundle, and walk in the pretty air, and not think of unfinished coats.

But the men in uniform went along the Avenue under the snapping flags, and in the sharp, true light you could see all their faces; their clean bones and their firm skin and their eyes, the confident eyes of the soldiers and the wistful eyes of the sailors. They were so young, all of them, and all of them doing what they could, doing everything they could, doing it hard and humbly, without question and without credit. Mrs. Martindale put her hand to her heart. Someday, maybe, someday some of them might be lying on hospital cots. . . .

Mrs. Martindale squared her delicate shoulders and entered her car.

"Home, please," she told her chauffeur. "And I'm in rather a hurry."

At home, Mrs. Martindale had her maid unpack the clumsy bundle and lay the contents in her upstairs sitting room. Mrs. Martindale took off her outdoor garments and bound her head, just back of the first great blue-gray wave, in the soft linen coif she had habitually worn at Headquarters. She entered her sitting room, which had recently been redone in the color of her hair and her eyes; it had taken a deal of mixing and matching, but it was a success. There were touches, splashes rather, of magenta about, for Mrs. Martindale complemented brilliant colors and made them and herself glow sweeter. She looked at the ugly, high pile of unmade coats, and there was a second when her famous heart shrank. But it swelled to its norm again as she felt what she must do. There was no good thinking about those twelve damned new ones. Her job immediately was to get on with the coat she had half made.

She sat down on quilted blue-gray satin and set herself to her task. She was at the most hateful stretch of the garment—the binding of the rounded neck. Everything pulled out of place, and nothing came out even, and a horrid starchy smell rose from the thick material, and the stitches that she struggled to put so prettily appeared all different sizes and all faintly gray. Over and over, she had to rip them out for their imperfection, and load her needle again without moistening the thread between her

"Miss Gorce is in the embalming game."

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lips, and see them wild and straggling once more. She felt almost ill from the tussle with the hard, monotonous work.

Her maid came in, mincingly, and told her that Mrs. Wyman wished to speak to her on the telephone; Mrs. Wyman wanted to ask a favor of her. Those were two of the penalties attached to the possession of a heart the size of Mrs. Martindale's—people were constantly telephoning to ask her favors and she was constantly granting them. She put down her sewing, with a sigh that might have been of one thing or of another, and went to the telephone.

Mrs. Wyman, too, had a big heart, but it was not well set. She was a great, hulking, stupidly dressed woman, with flapping cheeks and bee-stung eyes. She spoke with rapid diffidence, inserting apologies before she needed to make them, and so was a bore and invited avoidance.

"Oh, my dear," she said now to Mrs. Martindale, "I'm so sorry to bother you. Please do forgive me. But I do want to ask you to do me the most tremendous favor. Please do excuse me. But I want to ask you, do you possibly happen to know of anybody who could possibly use my little Mrs. Christie?"

"Your Mrs. Christie?" Mrs. Martindale asked. "Now, I don't think—or do I?"

"You know," Mrs. Wyman said. "I wouldn't have bothered you for the world, with all you do and all, but you know my little Mrs. Christie. She has that daughter that had infantile, and she has to support her, and I just don't know *what* she's going to do. I wouldn't have bothered you for the world, only I've been sort of thinking up jobs for her to do for me right along, but next week we're going to the ranch, and I really don't know *what* will become of her. And the crippled daughter and all. They just won't be able to *live!*"

Mrs. Martindale made a soft little moan. "Oh, how awful," she said. "How perfectly awful. Oh, I wish I could—tell me, what can I do?"

"Well, if you could just think of somebody that could use her," Mrs. Wyman said. "I wouldn't have bothered you, honestly I wouldn't, but I just didn't know who to turn to. And Mrs. Christie's really a wonderful little woman—she can do anything. Of course, she can't live in, because she wants to get back to the crippled daughter nights—well, I don't suppose you can blame her, really—but she'll come in by the day and work till all hours, or else she'll take things home with her to work on. She's really a wonderful seamstress—she just sews wonderfully. She's so quick, and so good, and so cheap! She can make anything you tell her to, and it's only three dollars a day. Please do forgive me for bothering you, but if you could just think—"

"Oh, there must be somebody!" Mrs. Martindale cried. "I'll think of somebody. I'll rack my brains, truly I will. I'll call you up as soon as I think."

Mrs. Martindale went back to her blue-gray quilted satin. Again she took up the unfinished coat. A shaft of the exceptionally bright sunlight shot past a vase of butterfly orchids and settled upon the waving hair under the gracious coif. But Mrs. Martindale did not turn to meet it. Her blue-gray eyes were bent on the drudgery of her fingers. This coat, and then the twelve others beyond it. The need, the desperate, dreadful need, and the terrible importance of time. She took a stitch and another stitch and another stitch and another stitch; she looked at their wavering line, pulled the thread from her needle, ripped out three of the stitches, rethreaded her needle, and stitched again. And as she stitched, faithful to her promise and to her heart, she racked her brains.

—Dorothy Parker

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Safety Razor, vicinity B'klyn-W. 73d st., city; liberal reward; sentimental TRafalgar 4-8699.—*Lost-and-found adv. in the Journal-American.*

Almost maudlin, if you want our opinion.

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SCRUB ME, DADDY, EIGHT TO THE BAR

I WAS turning over a pile of back numbers of *Harper's Bazaar* this morning, using a pitchfork and taking care to keep them well away from the root system of the plants, when, on page 83 of the May issue, I suddenly encountered a naked young person presenting her saucy derrière at me. God's handiwork is ever sacred to me, and I should still be leaning on the handle of my fork and studying it had I not discovered it was simply window dressing for some text at the left. I hate to be disloyal to Miss Derrière but, juicy piece though she was, the piece she illustrated —Elinor Guthrie Neff's "How to Take a Bath"—was juicier.

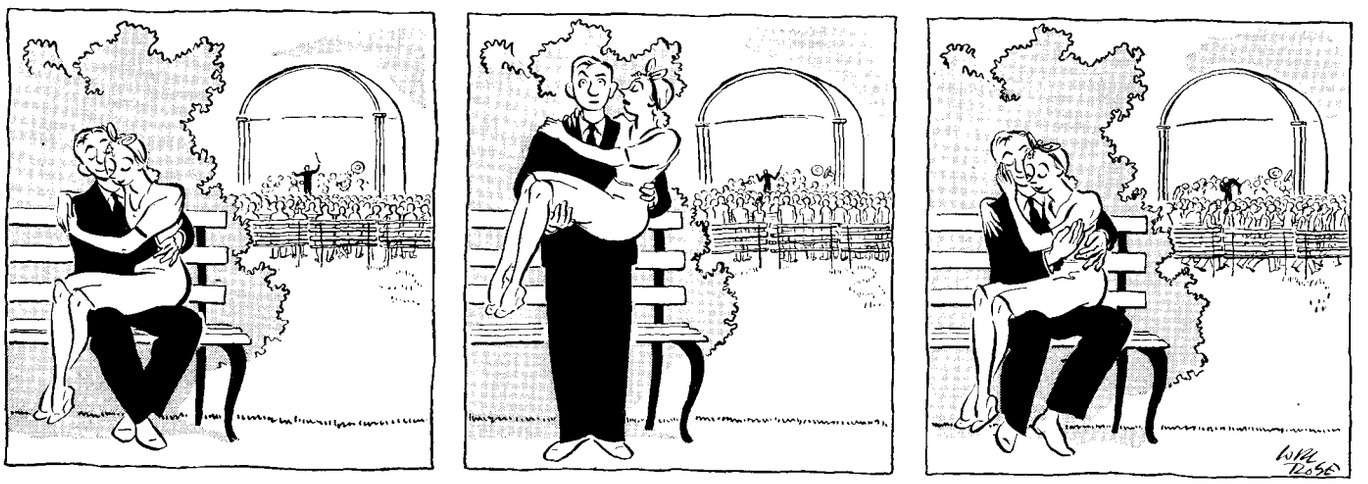
"How to Take a Bath" is a canvass made by the *Bazaar* of seven distinguished ladies—Maureen Orcutt, Ina Claire, Dorothy Draper, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Lillian Hellman, Carol Bruce, and Dorothy Kilgallen—to elicit their bathing secrets. Exactly what motivated this important sociological survey is none too clear, but there seems to be a tacit implication that if milady adopts any of these various styles of bathing, she should be able to play top-flight golf, become an expert *farceur*, sing like an oriole, and girdle the globe. In my mind's eye I see Carmel Snow, the editor of the magazine, pacing her office and evolving the idea, her lovely brows contracted in thought. It is the typical office of the editor of a smart fashion journal—Victor Mature in white jodhpurs, a prominent analyst seated in a corner unravelling an old psyche, a willowy couturier making epigrams about high colonics. The mighty roar of the presses blends with the shrill cries of newsboys hawking the latest issue—"Wuxtry! Molyneux forecasts crêpe shantung with ballibuntl straw sailors! Read all about it!" With an abrupt gesture, Mrs. Snow removes her battered corncob (not a pipe, just an old corncob she chews to aid concentration) and barks a crisp command into the Dictograph. Seven tall, cool Vassar graduates enter and man their notebooks. A gasp of admiration echoes from the septet as the plan comes alive in words as deft and vivid as the pigments of an old master.

"And remember, you lugs," the editor snaps, "we're not running a fiction magazine. Bring me facts—the more intimate the better. Little human-interest touches—sponges, washcloths, anything you can lay your hands on. A bonus to the first one who comes up with a Turkish towel. That's all. Now *get*."

And they got, all right all right. From Maureen Orcutt, the noted golfer, they got the trembling-lipped confession that she is miserable under a cold shower. (That makes two of us who are miserable under a cold shower, honey.) Miss Orcutt has therefore evolved a striking way out: her showers are *warm*. Simple enough after it's explained, isn't it? But it took the kind of determination and tenacity that makes champions. There are more tricks up this lady's sleeve, however, than plain warm showers. "When her body is achy from fatigue," the *Bazaar* continues breathlessly, "she soaks in a hot tub, as you would in a steam room, not to cleanse but to relax. She uses bath salts, then. But desultorily, capriciously." Well, if you think Maureen Orcutt is desultory and capricious with her bath salts, you ought to see *me*. Why, one day I won't use more than the teentsy-weentsiest pinch, hardly a smidgen; the next, I'm liable to call for two or three hundred pounds. I know it's just crazy, but what are you going to *do*? It's the way I'm made. As I said to the wife the other night, "I suppose you'd like it better if I was some stodgy corn chandler in Hasbrouck Heights." Boy, did that shut her up!

Both Ina Claire and Dorothy Draper, one discovers, are given to sluicing their frames with great quantities of oil, an indulgence which probably will take some drastic pruning under the defence program. "Cornelia Otis Skinner also uses oil in her bath—perhaps a hangover from a trick she had as a child," we are told. "She would oil the inside of the tub, sit on the rim, and whoops it all the way down to the other end, slithering at great speed along the bottom." I like to think of the noted actor whose name she bears trying to shave while Cornelia caromed about the bathroom, smashing bottles and denting the fixtures. I also like to think of the hired girl whose job it was to clean the tub every day. "Ish ka bibble," she must have muttered in her comical Irish and Ukrainian dialect. "What's the diff so long as she grows up to be an eminent mime?"

To portray the bath life of a playwright, which would appear to be a matter of purely academic interest even to a loyal member of the Dramatists' Guild, the *Bazaar* graciously condescends to the argot of Winchell: "Playwright Lillian Hellman takes baths that are much much too piping hot and jumps in and out of them in a flash with a flash." Possibly this is intended to mean that the petite dramatist clenches an electric torch as she plummets in and out of her tub, but that would be sheer bohemianism in one so chic. The difference between author and actor is sharply illustrated in the final simonizing Miss Hellman and Carol Bruce give their respective chassis. Whereas Miss Hellman



NATIONAL ANTHEM

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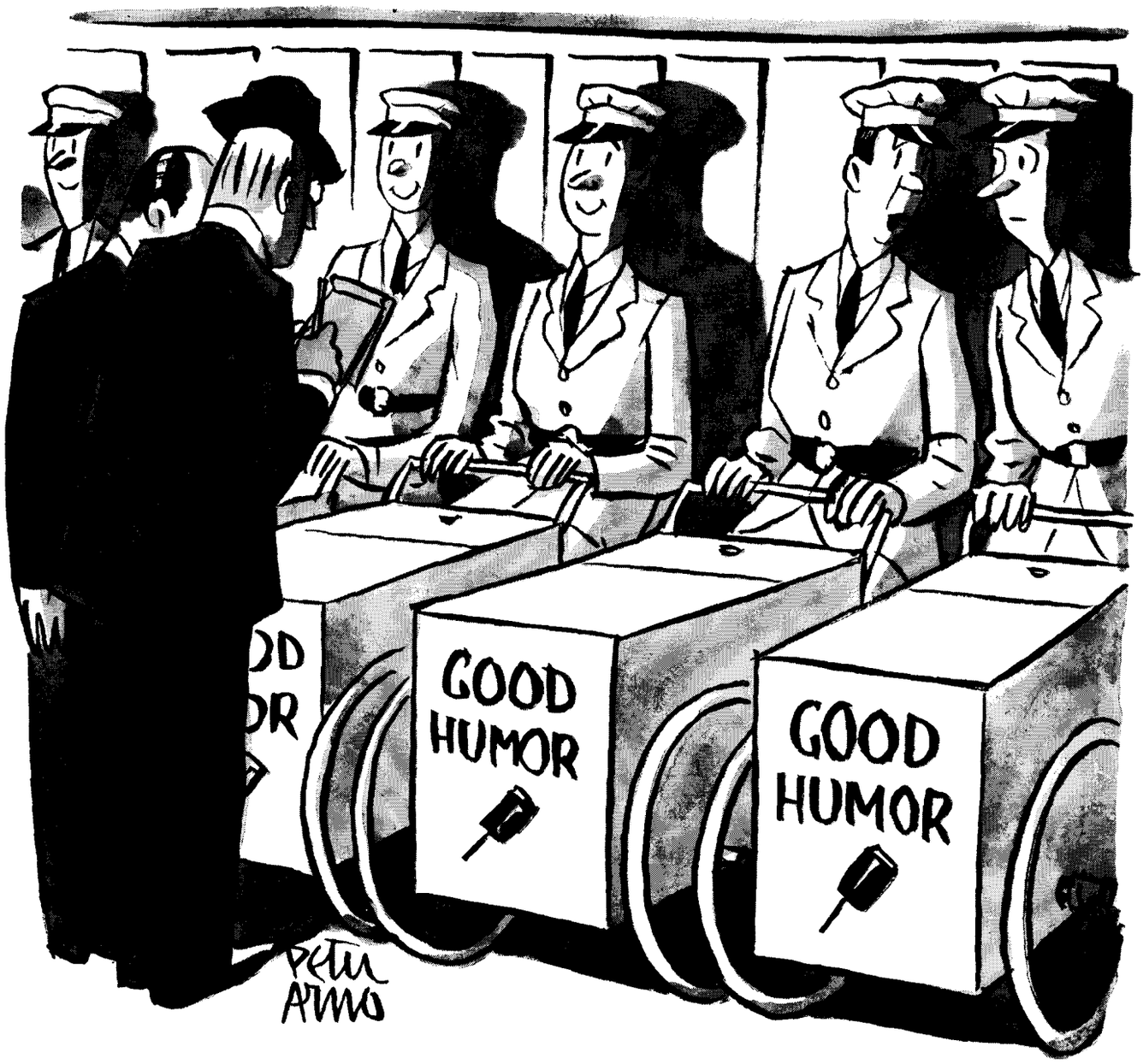

"I understand Bechton was cashiered for grousing."

• •

covers herself with a cloud of talcum, Miss Bruce uses ordinary cornstarch powder. It is only God's mercy that prevented the customers at "Louisiana Purchase" from having witnessed a horrid Jekyll-and-Hyde transformation right on stage and finding a pudding where they bargained for a songstress. A very cute dish, no doubt, but hardly worth three-thirty to a housewife who can duplicate it in her kitchen for a dime.

AFTER all the frenzied energy and high-octane glamour of her fellows, Dorothy Kilgallen's crabbed disillusion comes as a welcome relief. "She won't go near a shower, not even on sweltering summer days," says the *Bazaar* with a superior little smirk, "and even her husband who is eloquent on the soothing effects of a nice cooling shower can't persuade her . . . She won't use crystals because she always forgets to put them in when she runs her bath, and then objects to sitting on them before they have time to melt . . . She uses dusting powder except when she is going to wear dark clothes, and then she doesn't know how to cope with it." Miss Kilgallen is the colleen for me, alannah. If she doesn't mind a proposition from a complete stranger, I know a Russian bath down on Grand Street where they never heard of skin-softeners, English bath mitts, and pine oil. For fifty cents you get a locker and a corned-beef sandwich and a key to wear around your neck. Mind you, you don't necessarily have to wear the locker and the corned-beef sandwich around your neck, but all the really smart people are doing it. And that's the kind of inside dope you'll *never* get from *Harper's Bazaar*.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the official guidebook issued by the Japanese government*]

Once a start had been made railway building went on rapidly. In 1874 a line between Kobe and Osaka was opened and in 1877 one between Osaka and Kobe.

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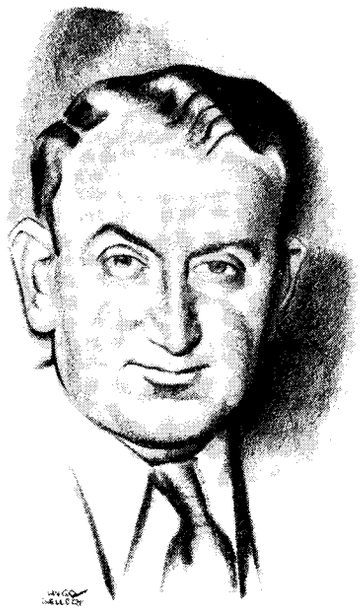
PROFILES

MR. X AND MANKIND'S GREATEST BLESSING



Morris Siegel

LET us introduce, with a fitting touch of melodrama, Morris Siegel, free-lance actuary, life-insurance counsellor, and untiring critic of the practices of the big insurance companies. Last summer, on a warm, hazy week-end, there were cocktail guests at the spacious Long Island home of one of our major insurance executives. Somebody turned on the radio. "And now," the announcer's voice was saying, "you will hear a talk by Morris Siegel." There was a small crash; the insurance executive's drink had slipped from his fingers just as the name of Siegel was pronounced. Siegel himself is a fountainhead of stories about his epic struggle with the insurance companies, and this story, though by no means as good as Siegel's best, will give him a certain sardonic pleasure if he ever hears it.

To the average resident of Greater New York, Morris Siegel is a dry, confidential, and somehow plausible voice that is heard at odd times over the radio, offering, for a fee, to revise and reorganize almost any insurance a listener may have in force, so as to cut down expense without any reduction in coverage. To the small percentage of the population which has accepted Siegel's invitation to visit his office on West Forty-fourth Street—a place which looks as if it had been sired by Night Court out of Ellis Island—he is a man who has actually worked, with few exceptions, the miraculous trick about which he speaks on the radio. To the executive personnel of the big life-insurance companies, Siegel is the incarnation of evil. He is the third character in history to be hated so staunchly by a group of his fellow-men that they put a ban on the pronunciation of his name, being preceded only by Franklin D. Roosevelt and Satan, whom the New England elders used to call Old Nick. There was at one time an understanding in the office of the Prudential Insurance Company that Morris Siegel should be referred to only as Mr. X.

What Siegel is or what he does to revamp his clients' insurance into something presumably more economical and desirable for them is a hard and thankless subject for discussion, or for simple exposition. Nobody knows this better than Morris Siegel. "I will deign to liken Siegel to the Trojan horse's rump," a writer in a recent issue of an insurance magazine said. This is one of the more explicit, if kindlier, comparisons that have been tossed at Siegel. The inevitable quarrel between Siegel and the insurance companies has got beyond the point where either side can completely control its temper or its ability to keep the argument in the proper channels. The trouble is, if an impartial layman may venture a guess, that the insurance companies have become accustomed to thinking about their business in terms of the institutional advertising copy which they place in magazines. When an enthusiastic advocate declared a while ago that "insurance, as all men now agree, is the greatest blessing that modern times have bestowed upon mankind . . . it enables a man . . . even if he dies, to live again," he obviously left no room for any criticism of insurance. Siegel, who criticizes the practices of the insurance companies, becomes, by a natural elision, a critic of insurance and, by extension, an opponent of immortality. Siegel, normally a buoyant and matter-of-fact fellow, is put into a state of gentle melancholy by such statements as this, made by a spokesman of one of the big companies: "Every insurance man knows by this time that the real reason for any attack on insurance in the public prints is because a certain element is seeking to destroy confidence in all existing capitalistic enterprise."

AN attempt to diagram the points upon which Siegel and the insurance companies differ would seem to be in order. This, however, is not easy. Take, for example, the flaw which Siegel claims exists in the endowment policy and which he spends much time in publicizing. Both parties to the argument would doubtless agree about the fundamentals of the matter: that an endowment policy consists of two elements, savings piled up by the insured and "pure life insurance" coverage. The catch, according to Siegel, is that in buying a twenty-year endowment policy, say, for $1,000, you pay for $1,000 of life insurance and also make savings deposits each year, which deposits are forfeit if you die before the endowment matures. In outraged rebuttal, the companies offer an intricate explanation of the endowment premium as a sliding-scale arrangement, whereby each year you deposit *more* as savings and pay for *less* insurance coverage, and never forfeit your savings no matter when you die. Attempts by laymen to resolve this contradiction lead to frustration. You will get no comfort, either, from consulting the authorities. Professor J. H. Magee's "Life Insurance," the latest textbook on the subject, says, ". . . the element of forfeiture is, as a matter of fact, present . . . the forfeiture idea has to some degree presented an element of resistance to endowment policies. To offset this resistance, the second explanation of the endowment policy has been worked out under which there is no forfeit but a decreasing amount of insurance as the years go by . . . as a matter of actual fact, it makes little difference which concept is considered. Both are mathematically sound and one is the actuarial equivalent of the other." Siegel's explanation, then, is sound. So is that put forward by the life-insurance companies. You do forfeit your savings, and on the other hand you don't. This, at least, shows clearly why so few laymen ever undertake to explain insurance or to argue with actuaries.

A person who consults Siegel is in no danger of becoming mired in such a morass of technicality. Siegel does not bother with definitions any more than insurance salesmen do. Most of his clients would have little patience with the abstractions of insurance. The great mass of them are investors in industrial insurance, so called because it is sold chiefly to workingmen and their families. It is also variously known as burial insurance (because it is customarily written in an amount just about sufficient to

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pay the undertaker), nickel-and-dime insurance (because the basic premium unit is five cents a week—five cents per fifty dollars at the age of forty-four, per sixteen dollars at the age of sixty-five, etc.), workingman's insurance, or weekly-premium insurance. It comes in "straight life" or endowment policies and is much the same as ordinary insurance, except that it is sold in smaller amounts and that the premiums are collected weekly by agents who come to the door. It should not be confused with the group insurance sold to industrial employers. Siegel contends, loudly and bitterly, that the big companies writing industrial insurance maintain a continual pressure on their agents to increase the total of "insurance in force," and that the agents have accordingly taken advantage of the naïveté of their clients, with the result that "the insurance holdings of most families are weird conglomerations of unnecessarily costly policies, purchased without rhyme or reason, in order to sate the great god 'total insurance in force.'" Siegel's business is planning conversions of his clients' holdings from "weird conglomerations" into what he claims are more useful forms and, equally important, persuading the companies to execute these suggested conversions. He does not write insurance himself; he merely charges a fee for his service and calls himself an insurance counsellor.

A fairly typical case of the service Siegel offers is that of a man who, according to Siegel, presented him with a batch of four industrial policies totalling $1,000, all sold by the same company ten years before. These policies required altogether an annual premium of $46, whereas if the policyholder had purchased one ordinary life policy for $1,000, his annual premium would have been only $31. Siegel therefore asked the company to substitute an ordinary policy, dated back to the year the four policies had been issued, for his client's industrial policies and credit the man with the difference in premiums over the ten-year period, amounting to $150. The company replied that unfortunately the laws of the state in which it operated forbade dating a policy back more than one year. Siegel then issued an ultimatum: unless the company found a way to follow his suggestion, on a given date he would broadcast on his program the facts of the case, giving names and figures. Thus stimulated, the company found that it was, after all, able to make Siegel's requested changes.

Siegel's familiar boast, heard several times every day on the radio, is that he can make one or more of nine advantageous changes in the average industrial life-insurance policy. Stripped of technical details, Siegel's principle is simply to do all he can to obtain more straight life insurance and less of a savings balance for his clients. He is able to do this because, if the companies will coöperate, the policyholder's savings balance in most policies can be used for future premium payments on the policies. Similarly, Siegel can often revive endowment policies on which people have stopped making premium payments and effect a conversion which will renew the straight-life element of the contract for some time to come. Another possibility is converting an endowment policy to a straight-life contract for a lesser amount, which will provide protection for a certain number of years, without the payment of further premiums, and permit the immediate recovery of some cash.

"We do not sell insurance," Siegel reiterates in his radio talks. He doesn't advise people to cash in their policies or to change their insurance companies. He merely submits to them a schedule of changes which they are to present to their insurance agents. For this, in the case of industrial policyholders, he

SUMMER HYMN FROM FLORIDA

Now trailer people seek Dakota,
And sun descends on Sarasota,
And ants infest the best cabaña,
And aunts go home to Indiaña.
No longer haste, with eager tinglings,
Towanda folk to visit Ringlings'—
Because, with acrobat and panda,
The Ringlings journey to Towanda.
Avaunt, ye Massachusetts tourists,
And leave palmettos to the purists!

Come with a lute, come with a yawn,
The salamander's on our lawn.
Come with a spray, come with a Flit,
Or else you'll be severely bit.
For Maytime thawed mosquitoes loose;
They fly by threes and fours and twos
(Still better far than winter vandals
Who stalk our beach in wedgie sandals
And never in God's world arrive at
The notion that our beach is private).

Now slumber master, maid, and sheriff;
Now shrinks the Lido Beach's tariff
To modest, unprovoking digits.
No longer do we step on midgets,
Or heed Gargantua or Toto,
Or witness pageants of De Soto.

Now may we spy
No enemy
But redfish and the richest weather
And cracker good fellows together.
The knot of Thespia is cut:
The Little Theatre is shut!
Our mercury
Is high
And merry,
Which it was not in February.

—MacKinlay Kantor

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charges a fee averaging thirty per cent of the total premiums for one year on the policies involved, plus a flat $3 handling charge; the fees range from $1 to $150. For revising ordinary insurance holdings he charges a flat fifteen per cent of a year's premiums; fees have run as high as $4,000. Curiously enough, there is no clause in the standard insurance contract which requires the companies to carry out such conversions as Siegel suggests. Siegel's two means of bringing pressure are based on precedent and publicity. In the files of every company are records of cases in which every possible sort of conversion has, at one time or another, been made, usually to oblige a good customer or to seduce a new one away from another company. Having once made any of the changes that Siegel suggests to his clients, the companies find it somewhat difficult to refuse to do so again. Siegel's two weapons are radio publicity and what he calls pressure slips. A pressure slip is a memo sent to the client (and intended to be seen by the insurance company), pointing out that if the company in question is not willing to make the change, the policies can be transferred to other companies which *are* willing. So far, this has usually worked.

"I'll be waiting for you, Edward."

• •

Siegel is a tall man with the beginnings of a paunch; he is forty and looks about five years older. His dark, curly hair is carefully parted on one side, and his manner is poised and magisterial. His older brother, Sam, his antithesis in manner, is a partner in his business. It was Sam who, while employed some years ago as an executive in the receiving department at Macy's, realized that Morris could make money out of advising people about insurance.

The Siegel family's history is a success story in the classical tradition. The father and mother, who emigrated from Rumania in 1897, led a precarious life keeping store successively in Chicago, Tampa, and the lower East Side. Old Mrs. Siegel, now twenty-five years a widow, lives in a nursing home for aged Jewish people, not far from Coney Island. Her chief amusement is tuning in on the broadcasts in which her son attacks the practices of the insurance companies. She trembles with excitement as he talks and has been heard to exclaim, "Hit him again!"

Morris and Sam attended public school in Manhattan until their father's death forced them to go to work. Sam, an ebullient fellow, provides school-day reminiscences for both. With little or no urging, he will tell about the time that Morris ranked first in the competition for the General Excellence Medal at P. S. 156 but didn't get the medal. "The principal handed it out to somebody on Eastern Parkway because his old man had a lot of dough," he says. Sam is easily excited when he recalls old injustices. "This fellow," he cries, stabbing a finger at Morris, "is a dead shot. He was on the rifle team at school. One time he just missed a perfect score because the upper classmen, that gang of stinkers, started razzing him—muffed it by a hair! Forty-nine out of fifty was the score!" By this time, Sam is shouting.

"Life's little tragedies," Morris says dryly.

After Morris Siegel left school, he became a salesman. He floated through his early young manhood on the generous commissions earned by salesmen during the reigns of Harding and Coolidge. In the black December of 1929, he left a job selling cash registers to sell insurance in Queens for one of the big companies. His principal duties were to ring doorbells, collect nickels and dimes from housewives who had already been talked into buying his company's nickel-and-dime insurance, and sell insurance to those who had not. Such work is really not very different from that of a laundryman or milkman: collecting from customers and trying to build up the list. The premiums in a collector's charge are called, in the jargon of the trade, a debit. An average debit requires the collection of $200 a week. A debit of $200

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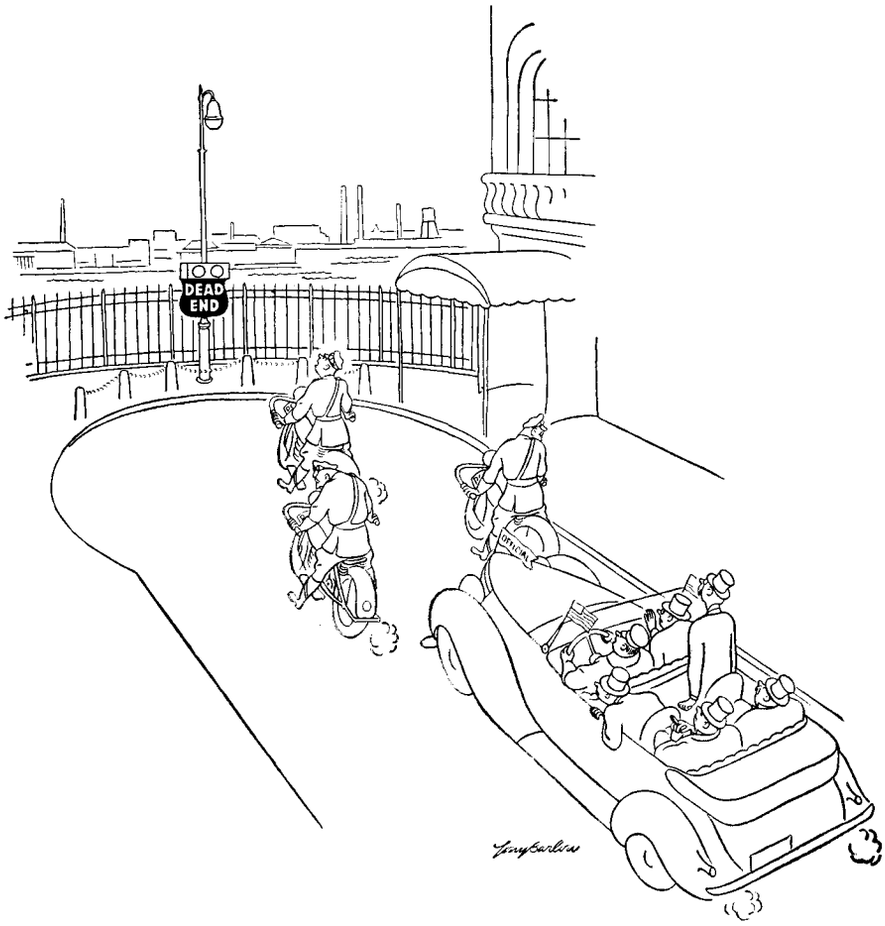
might earn a persistent salesman something over $25—a fact which is in itself one explanation of why industrial insurance is the most expensive form there is. The salesmen, Siegel says, in reminiscing about these days, were under severe pressure from the manager. Once a week there were office conferences at which the salesmen were exhorted to do better and were blistered for their omissions. Siegel once saw a middle-aged man crowned with a dunce cap and put in a corner as a warning to his colleagues.

It was a historic day when Siegel found out about the Circular Letter Book, a ponderous folder kept in each of the district offices of his company, containing precise information on even the most complicated points of the insurance business. Few salesmen, after a day of house-to-house calls, followed by an hour of bringing their office records up to date, had the energy to study the Circular Letter Book, but Siegel had it. It was love at first sight. Pretty soon, in a playful mood, he put a sign on his desk: "Problems Solved, 10¢."

Siegel next performed the awesome feat of learning to be an actuary. You can spend upward of seven years learning to be an actuary, but Siegel managed to get a practical grasp of the subject in about four by going at night to the Economics Room of the Public Library and boning up on the actuarial problems he found on the shelves. By the time he had finished his studies, he had not only learned to understand the most abstruse policy but had also acquired a good grasp of the mathematical work an actuary does and of the philosophy behind it.

Before Siegel had been employed two years, he was in hot water with his company. He says today that his conscience was troubled by the necessity of wheedling nickels and dimes out of people who couldn't spare them. Confronted with a succession of housewives who simply didn't have their nickels and dimes ready, Siegel occasionally had been paying a premium himself, to prevent a policy from lapsing, or he had been converting weekly-payment industrial policies into monthly-payment policies, which cost less. Differences with his superiors multiplied and in November, 1931, the company suspended him. He begged for reinstatement. "It's an expensive way to learn a lesson, but I have learned it," he wrote the company. (This quotation was later put into a circular enumerating Siegel's faults and sins. The company distributed the folder among its agents after Siegel had set up shop as a counsellor. Siegel's answer to the circular letter, incidentally, was a $250,000 libel suit, which has not yet come to trial.) The company was moved to reinstate Siegel. He nevertheless continued his ingenious but unconventional practices, and in 1933 he was fired. He worked for another company for a year or so, and after that became a general insurance broker.



In May, 1935, a number of insurance companies combined to put over a promotional stunt, the celebration of Life Insurance Week. Frankly on the make for a little publicity, Siegel called up an acquaintance, the manager of WBNX, a small independent New York station, and offered to give a brief educational talk on life insurance. It turned out so well that he was asked to give more talks, and he did so twice a week for the next two years. Three or four months after his broadcasts started, Siegel got around to the subject of industrial insurance. This talk precipitated a huge batch of mail from people who held industrial insurance and wanted advice. Before very long, they were coming to the studio on the nights of Siegel's broadcasts with their policies in their hands, asking what to do. The traffic in the corridors of WBNX became so heavy that presently the management set aside an office where he could interview his listeners.

The thought of taking money for these conferences did not occur to Siegel until the night a Bronx delicatessen proprietor named Herman Mohler came to the studio. He had, he related, industrial insurance with premiums of something like $4 a week—more than he could manage. He wanted advice and he was willing to pay a fee. It happened that when these historic words were spoken, Sam Siegel was sitting beside his brother. "Morris," he cried, as soon as Mr. Mohler, who had received his advice gratis, left, "there's money in this! There's money in this!"

Morris caught his brother's idea and enthusiasm. Morris convinced himself that as an insurance counsellor he could right the wrongs of industrial insurance, and Sam convinced himself that there would be a profitable business, or at least a living, in it. Without telling his wife, Sam quit his position in Macy's receiving department. With equal secrecy, Morris gave up his insurance-brokerage licence, so that in the future no one could accuse him of bias in the advice he was to sell. Morris drew out his savings from his bank and Sam cashed in a life-insurance policy he held, and with this capital the brothers rented

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"'. . . *Scene 3: Interior of a barn.*'"

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an office in Jamaica, named themselves the Policyholders' Advisory Council, arranged to buy fifteen minutes a week on a small Brooklyn radio station, and started in business.

FROM the very beginning of Siegel's insurance-counselling career, his radio broadcasts, personally delivered, electrically transcribed, or delivered by interpreters in a dozen foreign languages, have been the heart of his business. Siegel's message is broadcast a hundred times a week in five-minute and fifteen-minute programs from New York stations. The people to whom he addresses sardonic attacks on the folly of using an insurance company as a savings bank are, generally speaking, not the sort of people who can be reached in great numbers by means of print.

With the same persuasiveness that a life-insurance salesman exerts on a prospect, Siegel woos his radio audience with praise of the savings bank as the place to put savings, his theory being that insurance companies should confine themselves to selling insurance. Once in a while he delivers a little homily about a ten-dollar bill. First, in imagination, he takes the ten-dollar bill to a savings bank, where he is affably received, promised a fixed rate of interest for the use

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of his money, and assured that he can get it back any time he wants to. Then he takes the ten-dollar bill to an insurance company, where he is told that if he invests it in endowment insurance, the company will give it back to him only under certain conditions and after making certain deductions. Siegel's voice, as he plays the various parts in these little dramas, is enough to melt a heart of stone.

"Will I be able to get my ten dollars back after a year?" he asks, in the character of a timid investor with a ten-dollar bill.

"Well, no, not after the first year," he answers, in the character of an insurance salesman.

"Well, will I be able to get it back after the second year?"

"No, you won't be able to get it back after the second year, either."

"Well, then, will I be able to get it back after the third year?"

"No, you won't be able to get it back after the third year."

Here Siegel, as himself, interrupts with "But let's draw a veil over this painful scene." He then proceeds to drive home the single point which is the basis of his counselling career, the same point that has won him the lively dislike of everybody in the insurance business—that many people can have the actual "life insurance" part of their life-insurance programs kept in force at a considerably reduced cost, or perhaps at no further cost at all, or even with a small cash refund.

In 1939, one of the insurance companies finally decided to answer Siegel with a radio program of its own. From April to November, Edwin C. Hill took to the air waves five times a week, on behalf of Metropolitan Life, to warn the public against insurance counsellors. His burden was that your company agent would do as much for you as any counsellor could, and would charge you nothing for it. This gambit is a favorite of the insurance companies in their rebuttals of Siegel's arguments. Many of his clients, he says, have been persuaded, after a company has made changes he has requested, to sue for recovery of the fee they paid him. For a while Siegel was receiving a neatly timed series of summonses, one a day, to the Court of Small Claims. Plainly, somebody or other had conceived the idea that if Morris Siegel had to spend every day in the Court of Small Claims, his career as an insurance counsellor would be somewhat hampered. Just as Siegel had prepared his answering thunderbolt, a criminal action for "abuse of process" directed against the insurance company which he thought was instigating these suits, the volume suddenly decreased.

Siegel's first year of really successful large-scale operation was 1937, and it was in November of that year, he now believes, that several of the insurance companies, acting in unison, decided to get him. At any rate, from that month on they have never answered a letter from him. The fact that the companies will not do business with him directly has not bothered him very much, however; he simply gets his clients to put their own signatures to whatever instructions are drawn up, and there is then no very practical way for the company to refuse to carry them out. Siegel's scorn of the big companies even extends to their inability to wipe him out; he says he can think of dozens of ways in which he might have been silenced early in his career, although he feels that now it is probably too late. "Dry rot, that's all," he says, summing the situation up.

"Psssst!"

CURIOUSLY enough, the writing of industrial insurance, the criticism of which is now the major part of Siegel's career, was greatly stimulated by the last great insurance scandal, the investigation conducted in 1905 by Charles Evans Hughes for the State of New York. The investigation grew—to condense a fascinating history—out of several suits and investigations started by policyholders' committees of the Equitable Life of New York; the policyholders had been aroused by the antics of young James Hazen Hyde, who had inherited control of Equitable and had caused considerable newspaper comment with his red socks and his stupendous entertainments. He once spent, according to the possibly romantic press of the day, $12,000 on a banquet for the French Ambassador and another time $200,000 on a costume ball at Sherry's, with decorations by Stanford White and entertainment by the French actress Réjane.

The upshot of the investigation was the departure of James Hazen Hyde for Paris, whence he returned only this year, and the passage of state legislation intended to restrict the further growth of the large insurance companies. Each was limited to the sale of $150,000,000 of insurance a year (a restriction rescinded after a few years), but for one

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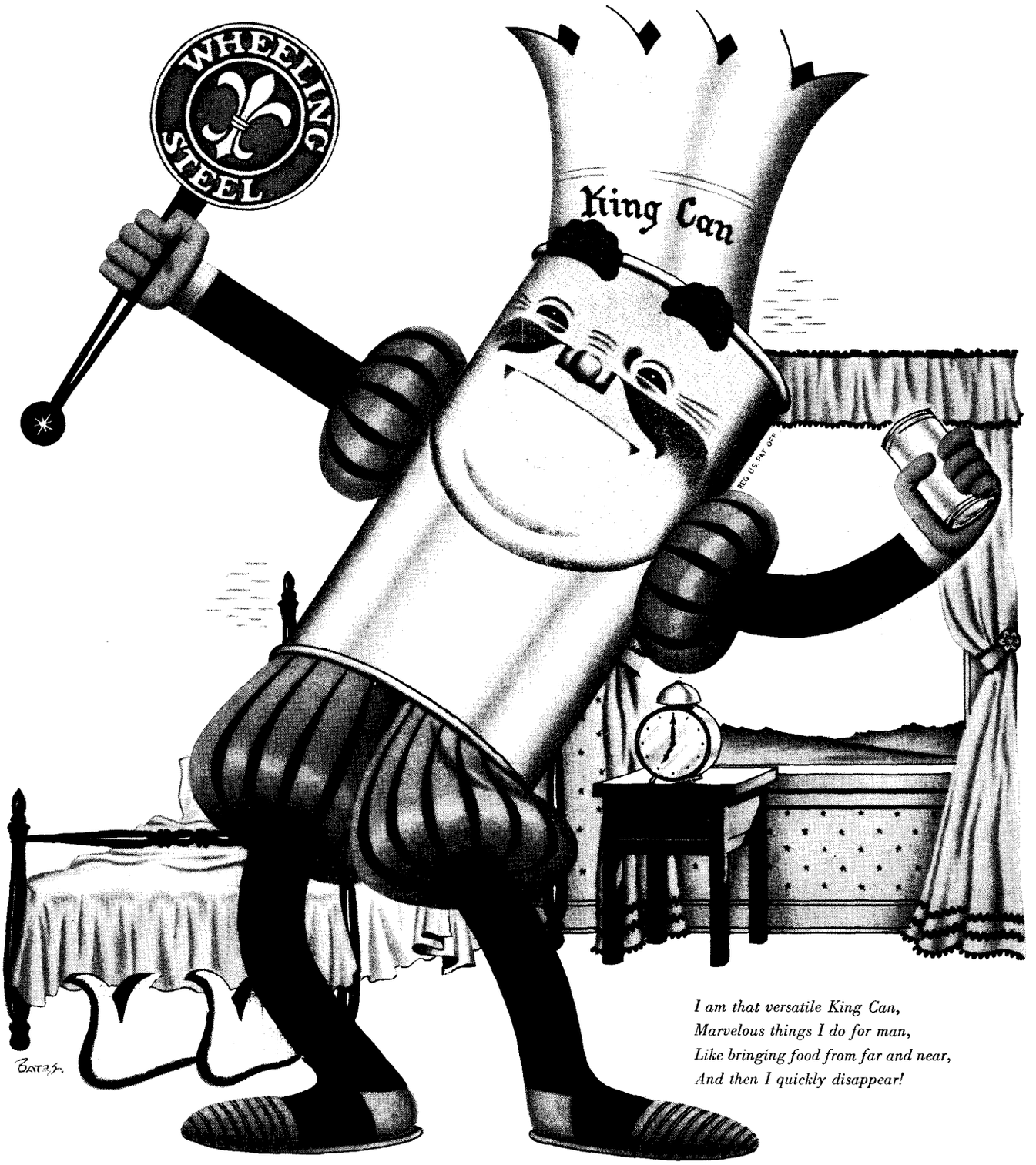

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Marvelous things I do for man,
Like bringing food from far and near,
And then I quickly disappear!

I'm King Can, the *wake-up cocktail* man! For breakfast I bring you orange juice, tomato juice, pineapple juice, grapefruit juice . . . *whatever you choose!* I put a *zing* in your stride and a *song* in your heart! I'm the *perfect* container! I'm made of Ductillite and that's the world's foremost Tin Plate . . . *It's Wheeling Steel!*

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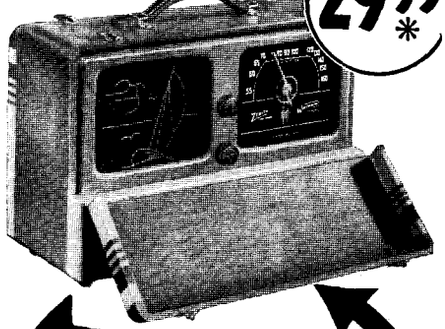

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A most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in this new portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Ordinarily it works without outside aerial, outside wires or ground.

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AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD

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reason or another industrial insurance was not included in this total, so for a while after 1905 one of the main means of expansion in this state was through the writing of industrial policies.

Since Siegel began, in 1936, to publicize the evils of industrial *endowment* insurance, it has been outlawed by the New York State legislature, though the other forms of industrial insurance have been left unrestricted. Siegel, who is not excessively modest about his professional standing, delights in telling his radio listeners that he was consulted in the writing of the law. Of course, the law is not retroactive, and a tremendous amount of industrial endowment insurance remains in force, leaving Siegel a considerable number of prospective clients. "If industrial endowment insurance is such a good thing, why has it been outlawed by the State of New York?" he asks his listeners. It's a hard question to answer.

Siegel is an inveterate attender of hearings on proposed insurance legislation. In March, 1938, he was invited to Albany to testify in favor of the pending bill outlawing industrial endowment insurance. After he had finished his testimony, Mr. Charles G. Taylor, Jr., a vice-president of the Metropolitan Life, was unwary enough to attack Siegel in these words: "Good advice is worth a fee, but what does this man Siegel know about insurance?" The next week Siegel's letterhead bore a new embellishment, the quotation "Good advice is worth a fee," followed by the name of Charles G. Taylor, Jr.

THE horror and mistrust with which Siegel and the insurance companies regard one another are not those of business rivals. They are quarrelling not about business practice but about a point of interpretation, you might almost say of doctrine. The insurance companies have had to put up, in their time, with more or less well-informed critics who accused them of inefficiency or corruption, but they have never before met an outsider who cordially approves of their existence but wants to change and limit their function. If Siegel were, as some one-man, fly-by-night "insurance counsellors" are now doing in and around New York City, operating a "surrender racket"—advising his clients indiscriminately to cash in their policies and collecting a part of the cash as fee—he would not appear so insidiously menacing. As it is, he seldom recommends cashing in a policy, and when a client insists that that is what he wants done, Siegel makes him sign a statement that he is doing so against Siegel's advice.

Siegel's classic casebook history is that of the Fortune family. William Fortune was a fifty-one-year-old longshoreman. He earned $35 a week and had a wife, a fifteen-year-old son, and a brother dependent on him, and he seems to have had absolutely no sales resistance whatever. When he came under Siegel's professional scrutiny, he was the bewildered possessor of forty industrial policies on his own life and those of his three dependents, plus three ordinary life policies, and he was paying out $927 a year, about fifty per cent of his income, in insurance premiums. Mrs. Fortune was insured for $3,725, the son was insured for $5,092, the brother for $2,858, and Mr. Fortune himself for $6,532. Thirty-seven of his forty policies were of the extremely costly weekly-payment variety; for the premiums he was paying, Mr. Fortune could have had, for example, $10,000 of ordinary insurance on his own life, $12,000 on his wife, and $13,000 on his son's, except that no reputable insurance company, presumably, would have sold ordinary coverage in these amounts to a family with an income of $35 a week. Siegel says that there's no possible check on the amount of industrial insurance a person will buy. The companies, he claims, do not consult with one another before issuing policies, and do not even keep central records of their own policies. In a letter he set the case of the Fortune family before the presidents of the three companies responsible, and took a wry pleasure in watching their genuinely horrified efforts to get Mr. Fortune's insurance program on some sort of realistic basis.

IF you bring your insurance policies into the Policyholders' Advisory Council, the chances these days are against your seeing Siegel. Backed by an office staff of forty-two, including ten assistant counsellors, he confines himself to exceptionally tricky cases, broadcasting, and lobbying for insurance reforms. The office handles an average of five hundred cases a week. Siegel's insurance-counselling has, in proportion to the amount of grief it is causing the insurance companies, brought him relatively little wealth, he says, though he isn't too much concerned about that. He is a single-minded man; insurance is his business and insurance is his hobby. He does admit that he goes on vacations, however. "I like to drive," he says. "I generally take my car. Last

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trip I paid a visit to the Virginia Insurance Commissioner down in Richmond. I saw the Insurance Commissioner of Pennsylvania. I saw his assistant. I saw one radio station, and then I came home. The time before I made a clean sweep—went to Washington, then to Buffalo to see the chairman of the Committee on Recodification of the Insurance Law. Then I went to an insurance meeting. I like to drive. It is to me a very great form of relaxation."

Siegel has almost airtight self-control, perhaps because he always expects the worst. When it comes, he greets it serenely and with sarcasm. His private life, what there is of it, is devoid of color. He buys $55 ready-made suits at Weber & Heilbroner, and at the moment has five of them. He owns eight shirts, fifteen pairs of socks, and a 1932 Packard sedan. His business day never really comes to an end, though by six o'clock he is left alone in his soundproof office on Forty-fourth Street; brother Sam is gone, the assistants are gone, and the last worried policyholder has been sent away reassured. For half an hour or so, Siegel runs through notes on unusual cases. A lawyer in Roanoke, for example, has sent him a bundle of lapsed policies held by a man now deceased; what can be extracted from this old wallpaper? At six-thirty, the archfoe of present-day insurance practice dumps his unfinished business into a briefcase, locks up his office himself, and takes the Independent subway out to Jamaica. Siegel lives, with his wife and two sons, in a small apartment house planted in a wilderness of frame dwellings. Wedged into a corner of his living room is a typewriter desk at which he unknots problems of an evening. If company is expected, Mrs. Siegel sets the table with a filet tablecloth. Dinner on such an occasion is a wholesome affair of roast beef, mashed potatoes, and string beans, with two kinds of pie as a touch of ceremony. Ordinarily, after dinner, Robert, aged eight, goes off to bed, and Sheppard, aged thirteen, settles down to his lessons. Morris sighs with contentment and gets his bundle of policies out of his briefcase. Who knows what beautiful loopholes may be discovered in this new batch? A calm descends upon the Siegel household. All is well.

—George Ross Leighton
and Strother Holland Walker

•

Honest Christian girl will take bets to track for a few private parties. No bookies. Box Y-38 Times.—*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times.*

You been baptized?

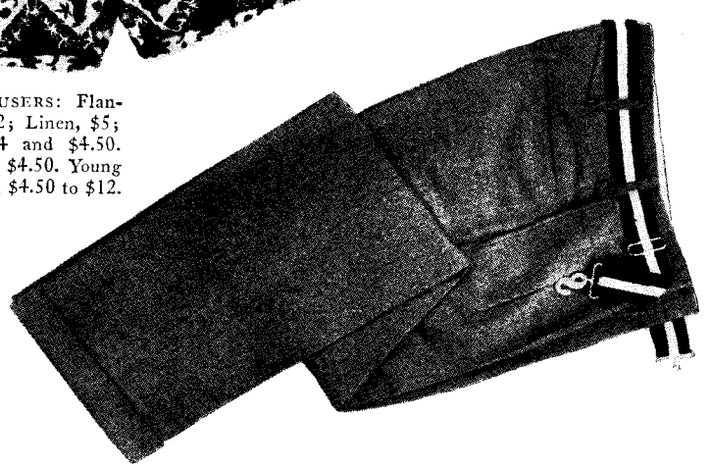
FOR SHORTER HOURS AND LONGER WEEK-ENDS!

COOL SHIRTS: Cheviot is a material that stays dry. Broadcloth looks cool and *feels* cool. Flannel is all right if you're going North—or Rocky Mountains. Madras and White Silk, too. You can get Brooks Shirts in all of them. Collar-attached Shirts, $4 to $14. Young Men's Shirts, $2.75 and $3. Bow Ties in horizontal stripes, $2.25.

COOL PYJAMAS: End-and-End Madras for Summer! It packs practically as thin as a piece of paper—and sleeps cool. In blue, tan, grey or green—pullovers, $5, and coat styles, $6. Young Men's Pyjamas, $3.50.

COOL TRUNKS: In cool cottons that present a wide choice of brilliant colors and unusual patterns. Patterns from Java, Hawaii, West Africa, India, $4.50 to $6.75. Plain color flannels, $4.75, plaids up to $7.50. Knitted are $7. Trunks illustrated are $5.25, in various color combinations, blue predominating.

SUMMER TROUSERS: Flannel, $15 to $22; Linen, $5; Cottons are $4 and $4.50. Belts, $1.25 to $4.50. Young Men's Trousers, $4.50 to $12.



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THE BEAVERS

JIM LANE burst noisily into the living room. "Well, we're all set," he said to his mother, who was sitting there reading.

"Really, dear?" Mrs. Lane said. She closed her book slowly, keeping a finger in it to mark her place, and looked up. "All set?" she repeated.

"My baseball team. The Beavers—that's our name. I went over to the Y and saw the guy."

"The guy?" Mrs. Lane said.

"The guy that's the organizer of the Y League. He registered my team. We're a League team now. We play our first game in Port Washington Saturday."

"That's wonderful, Jim! Who do you play?"

"The Port Washington Dodgers." Jim scowled. "I'm captain," he continued in an offhand way. "The fellows voted for me unanimous. Said there wouldn't *be* any team only I got it up."

"*Well*, dear! I'm proud to know you!"

Still scowling, Jim began walking up and down the room, his thumbs thrust into his belt. "We've got plenty trouble ahead," he said. "Those Dodgers are fourteen, fifteen years old, some of 'em. Big guys. Today I gave the team a talk, a pep talk. 'You can lick those jerks, but it'll take everything you got,' I said." He paused, staring abstractedly at his mother. "Did you ever see that picture 'Knute Rockne'?" he asked.

Mrs. Lane shook her head.

He continued to pace, hunching his shoulders suddenly and thrusting his head forward. "Well, I gave 'em a real talk," he said. "'Any laying down, any overconfidence, and you're sunk,' I told 'em. 'You guys're going to need plenty of rest, plenty of good food,' I said. 'Keep in condition and work hard and don't go getting swelled heads,' I said."

"You did!" Mrs. Lane cried.

"Sure I did." Jim stood still, staring gloomily at the wall. "Saturday after next it's a cinch. We play the Christian Crusaders and they're just a bunch of kids, around ten and eleven. If we get through *next* Saturday, we don't have to worry." He moved to a window and stood gazing out across the front lawn. "We've got to have caps," he said. "I promised the fellows I'd get a price on 'em this afternoon."

Mrs. Lane leaned forward eagerly. "Caps, Jim? Oh, I'd love to—"

He was busy with some remote calculation of his own and didn't seem to hear her. "For a whole team I ought to get a special rate," he said. "Why, with our two substitutes, we'll be buying eleven caps. I'm going to try Duncan's." He went to the front door and pulled it open. "We practically decided on red," he said. "Well, so long."

"Jim, are you going to *buy* them now?"

"No. I'll just get a price," he said.

JIM mounted his bike and rode down to Duncan's sports shop on Main Street. Old Mr. Duncan came from the dim rear of the shop and peered at him inquiringly. "Well, young man?"

Jim cleared his throat. "I'm getting a price on caps for my baseball team, Mr. Duncan," he said. "We're going to need eleven caps. Red."

"Eleven baseball caps." Mr. Duncan turned to a wall cabinet and pulled out a drawer, displaying four rows of small, round, shiny caps. Each row was a different color—light blue, yellow, green, red. "They're twenty-five cents each," Mr. Duncan said.

Jim bent down, looking the caps over carefully. "They're swell," he said. Then he looked up at Mr. Duncan. "What price do you give?" he asked. "For a whole team, I mean, and two substitutes."

"Price?" Mr. Duncan seemed puzzled. "Why, like I just said. They're twenty-five cents each."

"Oh. Well, I thought—I'd heard—" Jim looked away, suddenly terribly embarrassed. "That's O.K.," he said hurriedly. "I only wondered, because I'd heard that sometimes when you were buying things for a team . . ."

Mr. Duncan eyed him closely for a moment, then looked back at the caps. He picked up a red one and flipped it onto Jim's head. "You say you want eleven of them?" he asked. "Well, that's a pretty big order. That's worth a little extra consideration, maybe. Let's see. Eleven at twenty-five would be—would be—two dollars and seventy-five cents. Now, suppose I give you a professional discount of two cents on each cap. That makes it two fifty-three, doesn't it? Would that be satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes!" said Jim. "Gee, thanks!"

"Want to buy them now?" Mr. Duncan asked.

"Tomorrow," said Jim. "I've got to collect from my team. But it's a deal—I can tell you that now. You see, I'm the captain."

"Good!" said Mr. Duncan. "It's a deal then."

"You better put 'em aside," said Jim. "Eleven of 'em."

"I'll do that right now," said Mr. Duncan.

JIM hurried home and dashed into the house, shouting "Hey, Mom!" Just then he heard her car coming into the drive and he went out on the porch to meet her. She came up the steps, smiling mysteriously, and handed him a package. "My little contribution to the team that's going to win the League pennant," she said.

Jim stared at the neat, square package. He began, very slowly, to open it. There was a box inside, and inside the box was a pile of slick red satin caps, an even dozen of them, fifty cents apiece if they were a nickel. "Gee!" he said after quite a while.

Mrs. Lane looked anxious. "Are they all right?" she asked. "They were the best they had at Fuller's department store."

"Why, they're swell," said Jim.

"You said red, didn't you, dear?"

"Sure, we wanted red." He looked up and saw her eyes fixed on him worriedly. He went to her and kissed her. "They're *swell*," he said. "Gosh, Mom, you think of more things to do!"

—WINIFRED WILLIS

•

TREASURE

Good planet, all our praises
for giving without stint
the waving fields of daisies,
the sheltered beds of mint,

day lilies red parading
along a broken wall,
the hooded mountain shading
the hamlet like a shawl,

the stormy night of thunder,
and light in broken bars,
and over all the wonder
and revelry of stars,

and in the cities even
such slices of the sky,
such samples of the heaven
as hoist the spirit high.

—PEGGY BACON

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OF ALL THINGS

AT this writing, no one knows the real reasons behind the German attack upon Russia. Perhaps it was merely that the Führer had kept a treaty as long as his great, patient heart could bear.

•

Some people believe that Hitler is making the same mistake Napoleon made. At any rate, it would do no harm to sweep out a nice room at St. Helena.

•

At that interview at Berchtesgaden, John Cudahy says, Hitler looked pale, tired, and dyspeptic, evidently suffering from nervous strain. It is some comfort to know that he isn't having any fun, either.

•

The government of the Dutch East Indies has said "No" to Tokio as though it meant it. Those Dutchmen have a stubborn streak in their natures and about two thousand airplanes in their hangars.

•

The British have evidently made great improvements in the radiolocator, which announces the coming of enemy planes. The bad news bounces off the ionosphere, which is a hundred miles or more up in the sky but still a much faster transmitter than Paul Revere's horse.

•

Critics are wondering why the Ways and Means Committee does not dig further down in income levels to get ways and means. Congressmen never like to offend farmers, the source of all good things.

•

The oil industry tells us not to get hysterical about gasoline. We are not facing the possibility of having a car in every garage.

•

Reports from the training camps agree that the soldiers are existing on reconditioned World War humor. The United Service Organizations must see to it that the boys get a complete set of modern jokes.

•

The authorities find that larger payrolls are bringing out the old get-rich-quick schemes. There is the painful case of some Pittsburgh steelworkers who invested their earnings in Billy Conn preferred.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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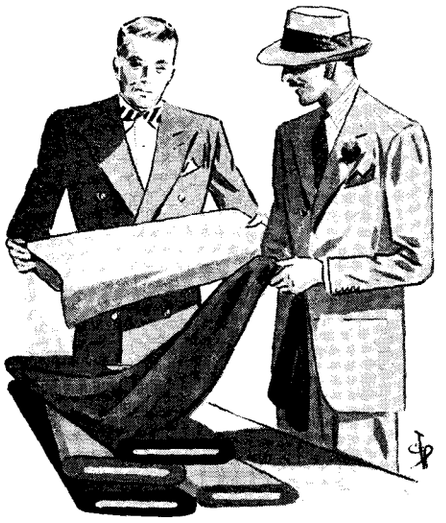

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A REPORTER IN LONDON

ONE danger of a peace that lasts as long as twenty-one years is that a generation grows up with a lot of false ideas about war. Depending on which country they live in, the members of a peace-raised generation mature in the belief that war is (a) their duty and their destiny, besides being a lot of fun, or (b) an improbable nightmare which, because of laboratory and workshop developments, would end civilization as they know it in about twenty-four hours. The mental picture conditioning the outlook is either a Nuremberg rally or a Korda-Wells set from "Things to Come." Then, when war starts again and as it goes on, these preconceived ideas and theories are battered aside by experience.

Take this, for example: We young Englishmen used to say, "They'll never bomb London. Of course, if they did, it would be knocked flat in a couple of hours. But by then our planes would be doing the same to Berlin. So you see, it cancels out. They might as well stay at home and bomb themselves out of existence." This piece of *reductio ad absurdum* comforted us mightily.

For me, the concrete foundations of such reasoning began to chip a little at precisely 11:20 A.M., British Summer Time, on September 3, 1939. At that moment, about two hundred yards from my Chelsea apartment while on my way to join the Army, I had to turn back and for the first time enter the basement of my home at the bidding of an air-raid siren. I remember reviving my old they-won't-bomb-London theorem in my mind and wondering if maybe, after all, they were just crazy enough to do exactly that.

Then, when we used to talk about personal danger from bombing, we always said, after learnedly discussing the effects of a blast and flying masonry, "But, of course, if you get a direct hit—well, it's just too bad." We didn't linger on that. We knew. We knew a man who had been to Spain. I had it most certainly fixed at the back of my head that you couldn't be in a building when it took a direct hit and live. Now I have at the back of my head a neat surgical dressing about an inch square which proves that I was wrong. I have been in a building when it took a direct hit—two direct hits, the official communiqué said—and I am alive to tell this tale.

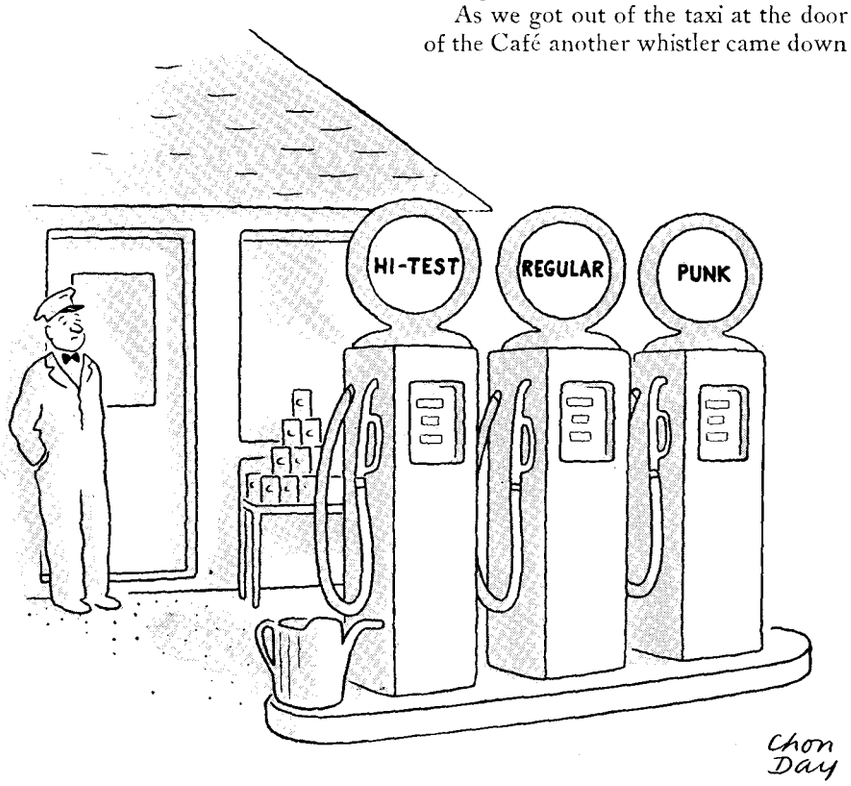
TABLE FOR EIGHT

DURING nineteen months of soldiering following that September of '39, London had always been my leave goal. Leave and London—they teamed up in my mind like Crosse and Blackwell or Lunt and Fontanne. Then, for the first time, Army business took me to London. London *between* leaves—it was almost too good to be true. The British Army, fatherly even to the miscreant, always sends an officer to a police court where a soldier is appearing as a defendant to do what he can in the prisoner's behalf, and I was ordered to London one Saturday to represent a man in such a case. The proceedings were short and I was free before lunch; the rest of the weekend was mine. I telephoned friends all over town. My luck was good, and by seven that evening our party in the Ritz bar had swollen to seventeen. One of the men happened to be passing through from one war station to another, a second had wangled a night's leave from the country, and so on. There were a number of girls, too. Several of us had not seen each other since the dear, dead days before the war, when a night out in the West End was a thing of pleasant routine rather than an exciting novelty.

Some had other engagements and wandered off. Finally we got down to eight, all set to make an evening of it. Where should we go? The familiar haunts were reviewed, and we took expert advice from those who had been staying in London. Which spots were best for weathering blackout and blitz? The Café de Paris, having already survived one bomb, beat the Savoy by a narrow margin, and after them came the Suivi, the brightest of the current night spots. The Suivi was tiny, we were told, and beautifully decorated, and champagne was bound to be about £3 a bottle. The cost didn't matter (though a British subaltern gets little more than that for a week's war service) just for tonight, a night out on the town once again. We telephoned, booked tables at all three places, and got organized.

The sky was bright with flares when we came out onto Piccadilly. A man in my taxi wanted to call at his club on Pall Mall. While he was inside, I stood on the pavement looking at the flares, which were coming down thicker than ever. Then I heard my first bomb whistle. Everybody had told me how a whistling bomb always seemed to be coming straight for one's own head, and I now confirmed the truth of this. The high-pitched "whee-ee-ee" went on at least twice as long as it seemed reasonable any missile should take to drop. The instinct to hunch the shoulders and sink the head was irresistible. When at last the "crrrump" came, it sounded surprisingly far away. Back in the taxi I made a foolish remark. "Thank heaven we're going to the Café first," I said. "No place is ever hit twice."

As we got out of the taxi at the door of the Café another whistler came down



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—louder and nearer. A few people on the crowded sidewalk dived into shop doorways. One frightened woman took a header down the Café steps, butting from behind and toppling over a girl in evening dress, who, at the end of *her* fall, sat up and ruefully examined a tear in one of her precious silk stockings. Quite possibly her last pair, I thought.

I had often been told by Londoners with more experience of being bombed than I that the ideal antidote for raid nerves is to go into a busy, gay cabaret where a good band is playing and where what is happening outside is quickly forgotten. It worked well that night. Waiting in the lobby, while the girls were leaving their wraps, we discussed the little flurry we had seen outside. By the time we reached our table on the balcony I had forgotten there was a raid on.

"Stephen is the country cousin now," somebody said, referring to the fact that after having long been a West End parishioner I had become, as a soldier, an out-of-towner. "Give him the ringside seat so that he can see all the smart people." I was elaborately ushered into a chair next to the balcony rail, and we ordered our first course. I took one of the girls downstairs to dance. We danced a couple of numbers. "Isn't this *fun!*" she said, as thrilled as a débutante. War certainly brushes up the simpler enthusiasms. "Like old times," I said. "But for the uniforms, you'd never know there was a war on." I seemed to have a gift that night for ominous fatuity.

When the band started to play "Oh, Johnny," we danced around to the stairs and went back up to our table. I was just tackling my smoked salmon when the girl on my right said, "Stephen, you know about such things. How much do you say Duggy Byng gets in the cabaret here? We've been arguing." A man on the other side of the table said, "My guess is about twenty-five pounds a week." I leaned forward to explain the facts of cabaret life to the innocent. "I've known acts here to get five hundred pounds a week," I started to say. "Bunch Keys, I know, turned down as much as that once—" But I'll never be sure just how much of that sentence I uttered and how much was rammed back down my throat in a thick composition of dust and powdered mortar.

THIS is where the story is apt to become dull and difficult. Dull because in plain words all that happened was a big bang and the lights went out. Difficult because a statement like that doesn't begin to give any impression, to convey anything of the feeling of what happened.

It was all one compact happening. (If the official communiqué says there were two bombs, all right, there were two bombs, but there was only one bang.) One second everything was normal—music, bright lights, conversation, the luxurious litter of a crowded dinner table before me, a smart, substantial restaurant around me. Next second—palpable, pitch darkness, thick with noxious fumes (a smell I shall never forget) and dust you pulled down chokingly into your lungs with every breath. You sensed the chaos and wreckage all around and that colossal bang still reverberated in spine and stomach and head.

It is easy to use the glib, old-fashioned, true-blue British phrases like "There was no panic" and "People were magnificent." It is harder to make those simple truths sound convincing. There was a moment of scattered, small noises, of people calling—they did not scream—to others in their now invisible parties. (I know if we had been separated, if any of my party had been dancing at the time, I should have called out to them.) But after that moment there was complete silence. Then the faraway voice of one of my friends said, "Keep away from the edge of the balcony," and I moved slowly and carefully around to the other side of the table. My chin hurt. It had hit the table, I realized, when the bang came. We felt for one another, patting shoulders and gripping hands, and gradually reassuring ourselves that we were all alive. I tried to say to the girl beside me "Are you all right?" but no sound came. My mouth was like an overfilled ashcan. I spat dryly into the dark. I tried to clear my throat. At last a thin echo of a voice came out.

For the student of nervous reaction, I can set down a few personal observations of those moments. Except for my chin, I had no sensation of having been hit by anything. I was definitely not afraid or jittery. My senses were clear and alert and my mind seemed neither accelerated nor stunned. I remember most clearly of all a feeling of deep depression. I remember thinking, as my lungs and nostrils rebelled against the fumes and filth, "The entrance must be blocked. We are probably trapped." Also, "Is there anything else to fall?" I remember, too, waiting with ears strained to catch the first crack or rumble of a collapse that might yet be to come. It did not come. For a moment I recalled the time I had been down a

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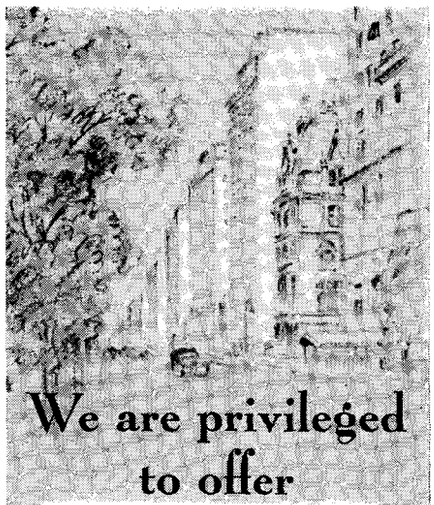
coal mine in my early teens, an experience I had not thought about for years; there had been the same pitch dark, the same fumes, and the same sense of being entombed. I thought of the girls whose hands I held but could not see, and wondered if we would all just stand here and die slowly. They were both young and I was fond of them, and I felt sick with misery.

Here and there a cigarette-lighter flickered. Fire—that was a new thought, and I looked around in the dark. Probably a hundred or more cigarettes had been burning when the bomb fell. Waiters with spirit stoves must have been cooking at tables. There was the danger of escaping gas, too; those naked flames of lighters were surely foolish. But this was no time to stand still and debate potential dangers. Our hand-clasping chain had decided to move. Slowly, painfully slowly and blindly, we started in the direction of the door.

Then the blessed thing happened. From the darkness, somewhere toward the top of the stairs leading down to the dance floor, came a loud, calm voice. "The entrance is clear," it said, without haste. "Come this way, slowly, and you'll all be outside in a few minutes." Later the voice became personified in the bulky figure of an A.R.P. warden wearing a steel helmet and a businessman's mackintosh—a prosaic enough figure, but my own first recommendation for a George Cross. Coming in from the street, he must have sized up the situation in a second and made the one announcement every soul in that room wanted to hear. Until somebody says to me, "The war is over," no four words will ever be more welcome in my ears than the warden's "The entrance is clear."

Our chain moved forward. We made sure, with every step, that there was something to stand on. The balcony became narrow where it curved around to the stairs. Fully a hundred people beyond our table had to come the same way, yet during our journey to safety nobody attempted to pass us or jostle us. It was more orderly and quiet than many a crowd leaving a first night. One of my friends, trying to balance himself as he stepped over a pile of debris, brushed his hand against my head and remarked that my hair was wet. "Must be wine," he said. That seemed reasonable enough to me and I thought no more of it. A moment later, during one of our halts, the same man murmured to his wife, "I told you we should have gone to the Savoy, darling."

Near the door the wreckage was so



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bad our party could not keep the chain formation, and it was no longer necessary, anyhow, for there was enough light coming down from the street to see dim shapes. The girl nearest me suddenly said, "We can't go on. There's somebody lying there." I stooped and discerned a woman's head and shoulders. I touched one shoulder, tried to move her. She was rigid, pinned by a small mountain of debris. As my eyes focussed better, I noticed the red, flowery pattern of her dress and realized that she had been sitting at the table next to ours. I stepped over her. There was nothing else to be done for the moment, but I hated doing it. Then we reached the lobby and the short flight of stairs leading up to the street. We were safe. The girls could easily find their own way out now. I turned back toward where I had left the woman lying pinned. An A.R.P. man grabbed me by the shoulder and stopped me. I protested, gabbling something about the woman. Quietly he assured me that she would be taken care of and would I please go out? I realized I was doing just the kind of thing I would criticize other people for doing—trying to go back and help and getting in the way when the experts were at work.

In the lobby I met the second-in-command of my battalion. His face was black. "All right?" I asked. "Fine." He grinned. "Good God," I said, "you've lost all your teeth!" I put my hand up to his face and some of the black on his teeth came away on my fingers. We both laughed and I passed on. I later found out that he was lying when he said he was all right. He knew he had been hit in the back. He had to go to a hospital, where it was discovered that something had entered his back through one shoulder blade and come out near the other, leaving an ugly little tunnel. How it missed his spine, nobody knows.

Outside, it was cool and pleasant and moonlit. I had one of the girls of our party in my charge now. For the first time I thought something must be wrong with the back of my head. My collar felt damp. I touched my head and looked at my hand. It was covered with dirt and blood. I looked at my uniform. The shoulders were dark red and blood was dripping from my lanyard. An A.R.P. man directed me to take the girl I was with across the street. She was quite limp, and I put my arm round her and tried to speak encouragingly, telling her we had only a little way to go. Halfway across the street our position was suddenly reversed. The air had revived her, but to my surprise my knees went weak and for the rest of the way she supported me. We entered a shelter in the basement of an office building. Someone sent me to wash up. In the midst of disaster and tragedy there was nothing to do but laugh at my reflection in the mirror over the basin. My face looked as if it had been made up crudely with burnt cork, and my clotted hair was standing spikily on end. I took off my collar and tie and threw them away. They looked as if they had been soaked in Burgundy.

A little foreigner in a steel helmet bathed my head. It struck me as one of the minor ironies of a "nationalistic" war that my first wound should be treated by someone whose English I could barely understand. Some nurses arrived. One of them came over to the fellow who was assiduously dressing my skull. "What's this?" she demanded, contempt in her voice. My alien friend looked unhappy and stood back. "*Quite* the wrong thing," she announced, almost triumphantly, matching to the first word a swift and painful gesture with which she whisked off the bandage. That was the first time my head had really hurt. When she had fixed a dressing to her satisfaction, she demanded my handkerchief and tied it around my head. I lit a cigarette. The lighter flame, I noticed, was steady.

I WENT back to the cabaret. Even in the crowd around the door I could see that I was only in the way. The next problem was to rendezvous with my party and check that we were all still safe. We found one another wandering about in the street and decided to go to the Mayfair, where we knew two or three of our friends were staying. There were no taxis, so I started to walk with one of the girls. She began to shiver and her teeth were chattering. I was shivering too. I remembered that a person suffering from shock often doesn't know it. Outside the Piccadilly Hotel we saw a taxi about to start off. We yelled and ran across the street, babbled something to the people in the dark inside, and piled in. They were obviously taken aback at the invasion, but they were pretty decent about it and told the driver to take us to the Mayfair, although it wasn't in the direction they were going. We talked all the way, yet neither of us ever saw the faces of our hosts. Everybody sat on top of everybody else.

I had forgotten about my rather startling appearance. I strode into the bright, busy lounge of the Mayfair and marched up to the desk. It must have been an alarming sight—a dirty, collarless, blood-stained officer, his dishevelled hair bound in a handkerchief, gypsy fashion. I was told that we were the first to arrive. Gradually the others turned up and told their stories. One man had tried to go home for fresh clothes but found there was an unexploded bomb in his street; on the way back he had considerately called at the Suivi and cancelled our table. Before leaving the wrecked Café, a girl who had been bombed twice before and each time lost a fur coat had gone to the cloakroom, presented her ticket, and recovered her wrap. "I couldn't afford to lose *three* fur coats," she explained.

Samaritans flocked around us in the lounge. I decided to forget the first-aid bit I'd learned about not allowing head-injury cases to take spirits and drank several welcome brandies. The girls were whisked off to baths, with offers of cosmetics, stockings, and beds for the night. One elderly woman who kept trying to help in one way after another eventually produced her trump card, an Army doctor who had been dining and dancing downstairs with a young lady. I was taken to a bedroom to be attended by him. His attractive girl friend cut my hair around the wound most efficiently. "You should have been a nurse," I said admiringly. "I am," she replied.

At last our party went its several ways to bed, but, as we found when we met again next day, in no case to sleep much. Another alert sounded early in the morning. In my case, it was the excuse I had been waiting for to get out of bed. My pillow looked like a gravel road after a minor accident. I was restless and very hungry. By a quarter past seven I was out walking in the West End. I went back to the shattered Café. By one of those freaks which are a commonplace of bombings, the men's cloakroom was unscathed. Although it seemed wrong to be concerned about some £15 worth of clothing when one was lucky enough just to be alive, I admit I was glad to find my coat, my hat, my respirator, even my gloves and stick. That awful smell still hung about the place. In a corridor I met a waiter who had been there all night. His dress suit was in rags, and his blackened shirt front waved out absurdly as he walked. His face was grimy and his eyes bloodshot from strain and sleeplessness. At the ladies' cloakroom I was still lucky. All the women's wraps had been piled on the floor to make a resting spot for the wounded. I had been asked by one of the girls to look for an elbow-length cape, ermine-lined. I saw a corner of ermine half buried in

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the pile and pulled. Out came the cape I sought.

LATER, in the sunny quiet of a Sunday morning, I drove down to the country with a man who had been in our party. We had arranged to join the rest of the previous night's group for lunch at the house of a friend in Hampshire. Without preface, as we motored along, my companion suddenly said, quietly and reflectively, "It must have been a very small bomb." It was a thought, I suppose, we had all had, yet none of us had felt like mentioning it. One is always tempted to think of one's own personal bomb as larger, deadlier, and more horribly vicious than any other bomb yet manufactured. But if it had been a big bomb, none of us would have breathed the peaceful air of spring in Hampshire that lunchtime.

After the meal, I rang up the adjutant of my battalion. He was sympathetic, saying I could take my time about returning, and I sat back to enjoy two days' unexpected leave in the luxury of a private house and borrowed civilian clothes. At last I began to feel clean again. (One girl washed her hair seven times and the water still came out looking like a puddle on a road.) We talked a lot about what had happened. Every now and then there would sweep over me, without warning, an extraordinary sensation, exultant and yet fearful, at the realization of my own good fortune. Every now and then, too, there would come a momentary return of the dull, aching depression I had felt just after the bomb fell.

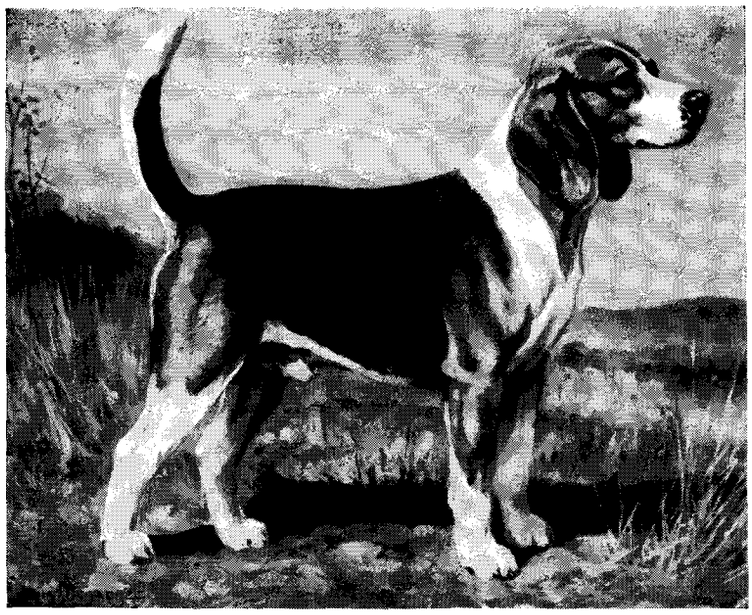
I was convinced I had no other aftereffects, that the whole thing was behind me and done with. But two days later this happened: My hostess rose to leave the dinner table. At the door she stopped at a switch, meaning to put out some of the lights. Accidentally she put them all out. She switched them on again the next second, but in that instant I was out of my chair in one scared bound. A girl, the only other person there who had been bombed with me, was on her feet too, clutching her napkin. I don't know precisely what sensations she had, but during that moment of darkness there came mysteriously to my nostrils a paralyzing whiff of that unique smell.

—STEPHEN WATTS

•

His brown eye, like an Airedale puppy, scampered across the crowd to her, wagging all over and hoping to be patted.
—From a story in Liberty.

Down, sir!



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THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

MY Aunt Agatha was a lady; that was the most important thing about her. She lived with my Uncle Amos in an ugly house in the East Sixties, guarded from any unpleasant and unladylike truth by Mrs. Crash, who was her housekeeper. When Mrs. Crash died she left Aunt Agatha without the least idea of what to do next and in so sad a state of confusion that she gave up the house, where Uncle Amos had been born, and moved into a hotel. A few months later Uncle Amos died.

His death, unlike that of Mrs. Crash, caused only minor inconveniences. But without Uncle Amos to talk to and Mrs. Crash to criticize, Aunt Agatha found that there were too many hours in a day. She could not knit, though she tried hard to learn and I tried hard to teach her. Her hands had been trained to nothing; she was as stupid as a child with them. She gave up knitting and took up charities, one after another. I used to go with her to meetings or to little pageants given by the children in some settlement house. She would sit nodding her head and smiling, commenting on each speech and costume. She was anxious to help and said so, but the way in which she could help most took only a minute or two—the length of time that it took to sign her name to a check.

She could not fall back on travel, that classic diversion of the rich and lonely, because of the state of the world. What she needed was a hobby, but she had not even the ability to manage that. Things were looking black for Aunt Agatha when summer came and she was given the relief of going away—to a hotel in Northeast Harbor, as she had done for thirty years.

Our family was in Bar Harbor, as usual, for the summer. As soon as I felt that I absolutely had to, I drove over to Northeast to see Aunt Agatha. I was surprised to find that she was not on the porch, or in the garden, or even in the lobby; I was still more surprised to be told by the desk clerk that she was in her room. It was a beautiful day, the kind Mount Desert can have in late June, and a wicked shame to be indoors. The porch, though not full, had enough people on it to afford Aunt Agatha endless interest—not people she knew, but people she made a point of not knowing.

Aunt Agatha and the Episcopal Church did not recognize divorce. Of the two, Aunt Agatha was much the less lenient. The children of a marriage which had been made possible by a divorce—or, as was often the case, by two divorces—could not, naturally, be spoken to at all; that was a rule Aunt Agatha had set for herself years ago. Since the children of such a marriage multiply just like ordinary children, and their children after them, the possibilities were limitless. The number of bastards to whom Aunt Agatha did not speak grew in volume and interest, year after year. The hotel in Northeast was a far better place to find them and afforded far more chances for a good snub than any place in New York, so I thought it a bad sign that Aunt Agatha was not on the porch. I went up in the elevator sadly, thinking of the lonely old lady up in her room.

Claire, Aunt Agatha's browbeaten maid, opened the door for me without a greeting, one finger held against her lips. Aunt Agatha sat by the window, leaning forward and looking out, with a smile on her face—the smile she had used in the settlement houses when the children reached the end of the pageant and came to the part where they burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner" and saluted the flag. She, too, warned me to be quiet by holding her lips in a visible though inaudible "Sh-h-h" and then beckoned to me to come forward.

Outside the window, above a porte-cochère, a shelf about two feet wide ran along the wall and, where the wall jutted out to form a bay, made an angle, protected by a large blob of ornate carving. In back of the carving a robin was building its nest. As I looked, the robin's mate flew down with a wisp of dry grass in its bill. Aunt Agatha watched tensely until the strand was in place and both robins had flown away; then she settled back.

"They came nearly a week ago," she said fretfully, "and they're still working on that nest. If they don't hurry up, they'll never raise any birdies."

"They probably know what they're about," I said.

"Just the same, it's late," she said. "Nearly July. Wait—hush—there she is again." A robin flew placidly by.

"That was a different one," Aunt Agatha said. "*Now* where do you suppose she's gone? And I had Claire put all that cotton thread out for her. She's barely touched it."

I sighed with relief and sat down. Aunt Agatha had found her hobby.

IT was a busy summer, because Aunt Agatha needed a confidante. Sometimes it was only by telephone that I shared the robins; more often I got a call from the desk clerk saying that Mrs. Wood wanted to see me at once. It is not a long drive to Northeast, but it can be tiresome.

Aunt Agatha became a great conversationalist. She stopped pretending not to see the people on the porch; in fact, she sought them out. As soon as they had discussed the weather, which on Mount Desert can take up twenty minutes of anybody's day, she would start with her opening wedge, "Have you seen my robins?" She gave little teas in her room for the other ladies so that they might see the robins.

There were three little ones. The day they were hatched, Aunt Agatha saw her first sunrise. I saw it, too.

About the middle of August on Mount Desert, you begin to know that all things end. It's in the air, in the afternoon clouds, in the early nightfalls. The people in the cities are sweltering still, but you know summer is going. Is gone. I saw Aunt Agatha's hobby going too, flying away with the first falling leaf.

Then I suddenly got my bright idea. I had been reading about birds—we all had—and I thought I had an idea which would help Aunt Agatha through a lean winter into another thrilling summer. Why shouldn't she band her robins so that she could watch for them in the spring and know if they returned?

Aunt Agatha was delighted. She did not do as I had fondly hoped; she did not go out and buy all available books on banding so she could learn how to do it. She just hired an ornithologist to come and band the birds. Since the birds were shy with strangers, the ornithologist had to spend the better part of a week in Aunt Agatha's room and the whole thing was quite as time-wasting as I had hoped, and much more expensive than I had expected. Mr. and Mrs. Robin, Aunt Agatha told me happily, were banded in a nice shade of blue, the young Robins in red.

THE winter wasn't bad. At Christmas, for once, everyone knew what to give Aunt Agatha—books about birds. At dinner, when the conversation lagged, she would say, like a child speculating on what Santa will bring, "I wonder whether Mr. and Mrs. Robin will be back next summer?"

She went to Northeast two weeks ahead of time that spring, so she had been there some time when I finally went to see her. I was surprised to see Claire working over the trunks; surely they should have been unpacked by then.

I found Aunt Agatha in her chair

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with her back to the window. She greeted me coolly, with the angry courtesy of a wealthy relative who has been neglected. She did not mention the Robins. Her manner would have warned me not to mention them myself if I had not looked out of the window and seen the flicker of wings and the flash of a bright breast.

"There she is!" I said, taken by surprise. "Why, there she is!" I cried, pleased beyond words, for as the bird lighted I saw on her left leg a blue band. "But how wonderful!" I said, and then I looked at Aunt Agatha.

"That's *Mrs.* Robin," Aunt Agatha said.

"And where is Mr. Robin?"

"Did not come," Aunt Agatha said.

I wanted to laugh and almost started to, for as I turned back to the window I saw another bird fly down, a straw in his mouth, to the nest. I thought of the things I could say provided I could keep from laughing. I could say that Mr. Robin had died—of course he had—and that it must be all right for a robin to marry so soon again. I could even try to be sensible and say that Aunt Agatha was taking it too seriously; that after all they were only birds, leading birds' lives. But before I said anything I saw the second bird turn and take off in flight again, and I caught the flash of a red band on his left leg.

It was laughable, of course; it was absurd. But it was absurdity from which a tragedy had been made, as real as the death of a child.

Now I understood what Claire was doing. She was not unpacking trunks; she was packing them.

I said, "You're not moving?"

"I am," Aunt Agatha said. She looked around the room that had been her home for thirty summers, glanced for an instant out of the window at the view of the sea that Uncle Amos had admired so much. "There's a perfectly adequate room on the other side of the hotel," she said, looking down at her heavy hands lying motionless in her lap. "I think I'll be more comfortable over there. There's too much sun on this side. Bothers me."

—ADELINE RUMSEY

•

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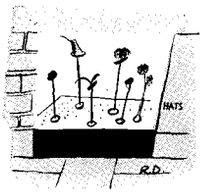
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THEY'VE got us going at a squirrel-in-a-cage pace again, those fashion folk who figure that whatever season comes, the next one can't be far behind. Here it is still June (and you, like as not, just wearing your first white linen), and Altman pops up with a collection of "midsummer blacks." Nor is that all, for at the same shop you'll find autumn hats already leering impudently at you from the counters. You almost feel ashamed of not having got around to ordering your Christmas cards.

Fortunately, the Altman things are so tempting that you may find yourself wishing you could tear a page or two right off the calendar. Those black dresses, for instance, have a woman-of-the-world quality about them that's sure to haunt you. Tunics and peplums, many of them with a nostalgic Irene Castle flavor, abound. Cast your eye over a black sheer with a wrap-around tunic that is long in back and cut short on the bias across the front; its deep V neck (something they love here) has icy-blue rayon-satin revers that taper as they approach the waist. A rayon crêpe with sloping shoulders has a skirt with three tiers—the centre one of black satin, the others of the crêpe—which hugs the figure snugly. A dressier affair, sheer again, has fine pleats on its cape sleeves and deep V apron, and should be perfect for slightly formal lunches or slightly informal dinners.

Suits, also black, haven't been overlooked, either. Strictly in the Castle category is a rayon mohair—not the stiff sofa variety but soft as can be. Its slender jacket has a sharp, flaring peplum, and I can just see it swing out on a young lady going in for a Castle-like twirl. Another of the same fabric, but more Victorian, has a coat with a little-girl collar and a prim row of fancy gold-metal buttons down its front. There are moirés, too, among them a suit with a basquelike jacket and a matching dress narrowly edged with net.

The evening situation is also well in hand. Look, for instance, at a willowy rayon crêpe that has a slit skirt and drips long silk fringe. To go with it, Altman, coquettish as anything, recommends black stockings (they're coming back), specifically some called Black Pearl that are cobweb-sheer, not too dark, and, of course, adored by men. Even more clinging than this dress is a pebbly rayon-crêpe gown with a softly draped bosom; its peplum jacket is trimmed with wide black velvet. Prices here start at $17.95 and go up to $39.95.

Though I may scowl at that unseasonal hat *Putsch*, the idea does have its points. The Altman hats are dashing and many of them might look well almost any day now with one of those dark dresses I've just described. Some big black felts have open crowns (could that be a concession to summer?) and shirred brims which either flare high or are bent well down over the forehead. These felts are soft enough to fold and pack—and that's something you'd hardly expect of a big hat. Enormous sailors with crowns flaunt dramatic brims edged with smooth crocheted chenille. A towering medieval affair, one that Anne Boleyn would have cherished, has a voluminous veil that may tie under the chin or swoop low at either side. Pompadour hats of black velvet have latticed snoods made of fuzzy chenille, as curly as the fluff on a poodle dog; girls in the anti-pompadour camp will be more likely to go for some flat discs outlined with malines ruching.

NEVER before have good, inexpensive clothes been so easy to find. To be sure, shops with distinguished names still carry little $425 treasures, but many of them now have singularly charming and low-priced numbers of which they are equally proud. Saks-Fifth Avenue, for one. Here, for $25 and $35, you'll find summer suits so well tailored that you'd swear they were custom-made, with longish, easy-fitting jackets which should make you look and feel as cool as an Icelander. A group of uncrushable linens with pointed lapels and self-covered buttons are either soft gray and double-breasted or gaily bright green and single-breasted. Cotton suits in Tattersall checks or plaids which look for all the world like men's woollens have white blouses and skirts that button onto them. Shantung, the season's pet rediscovery, is cut into suits along cardigan lines, to be worn with a dotted tie-silk blouse. If nothing makes you feel as trim as slippery sharkskin, you may have it in a suit of navy blue or black, fastened with big pearl buttons or outlined, blazer style, with contrasting pipings. Better hurry, though; these treasures won't last forever.

The Negligee Department at Saks is up to the same sort of tricks. Among the house coats here are several that are just as right for slipping into after a plunge at the beach as they are for dinner at home later on; others are sufficiently formal to make you feel at ease

"Of course, Mr. Bevan isn't a fine bronze lamp base, but this will give you some idea."

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traipsing out in them to a party at the club. Long bodices and V necks are favored. To add to the femininity of an imaginative white piqué house coat printed with bright-red pansies equipped, astoundingly enough, with green nasturtium leaves, cutouts of the flowers are appliquéd in a fluttering way at the neckline. Another of piqué—red-and-white striped this time—is printed with blue hydrangeas and made with a slightly gathered skirt. A more formal house coat of powder-blue rayon crêpe has splashy bouquets of roses applied here and there; another of gray rayon crêpe is printed with pink and white primroses which form a border at either side of its zippered closing. Both of these are $12.95. An exclusive Sophie offering, with sprawling red ferns on a white ground, may be tied surplice fashion if you are Junoesque or its long ends may be crossed Vionnet style over the chest if your figure can take it; $25. A pajama-and-skirt version of this same house coat, with trousers that show only in front, since a skirt hangs down to the floor in back, is a novelty with which to confuse your more confusable friends. For demure young things, a romantic dotted swiss is sprinkled with pink and blue flowers; you know the rest—puffed sleeves, a deep flounce, and moonlight filtering down through the magnolias.

THE subject of this week's note on hairdressers is Werner of Switzerland, at 608 Fifth Avenue (49th), not only because hard-to-please dowagers and débutantes alike dote on his haircuts, sets, and permanent waves but because he is a considerate fellow who has thought of everything for summer comfort. His place is air-conditioned, his broad windows look out on the Rockefeller Center fountains, and he serves iced tea—all welcome diversions as you simmer under the drier. A feature that will further endear him to people who are in town just for a day of shopping and want to dine before heading back to the hill country is his practice of staying open until seven. He suggests that you make a late appointment, take a shower at his establishment, and have a quick makeup. After which no one would ever guess you'd been buffeted by crowds all day. —M. M.

•

A quiet, somewhat reticent and undistinguished boy, he was nicknamed by other boys at the district school c.ci..wa.PJa fowebme HT HT HTT —*Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times.* That make him any less reticent?

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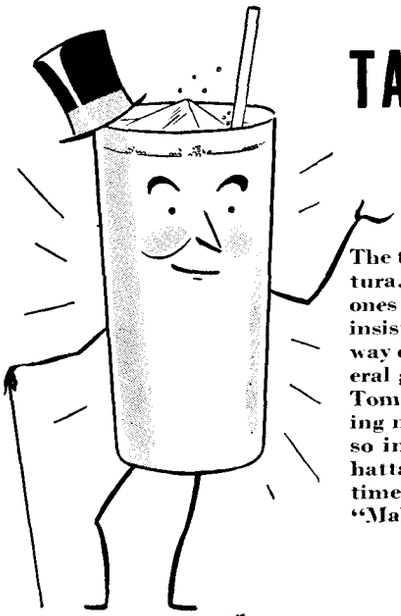
TALL, PINK AND HANDSOME



The trend is toward Tom Collins Angostura. Folks who've enjoyed long cool ones made with these famous bitters now insist on making them the Angostura way every time. They've found that several generous dashes of Angostura in a Tom Collins perform the same blending miracle which has made Angostura so indispensable in well-made Manhattans and Old-Fashioneds. So next time the "dog days" have you down, say "Make mine a Tom Collins Angostura!"

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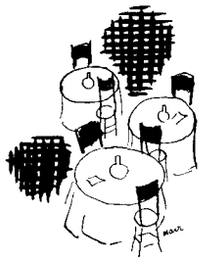
RESTAURANTS

Out You Go

UNTIL the first level teaspoonful of real summer heat is dished up, I can look ungratefully at the most alluring outdoor restaurant in town and creep quietly back under a roof. Maybe you carry on the same way, but, however you feel, it's now time that we all got out in the open again, persuading ourselves that it's cooler there (which it actually is, at night) and trying to be brave about whatever blows our way.



The garden at the Ritz is still as good as they come. This year, being just too subtle, they have suppressed the word "Japanese" in the name, but everything else is as it was, unless the planting is a little handsomer than ever. The hats may be the same sassy ones that bob up in the Colony, but the faces under them seem more lifelike in the sunlight. The food is nice for these flimsifying days: things like cold eggs with ham and tarragon; sea bass with cucumber salad; and chicken pie, no less, in jelly. If you lean to the stodgy side, try the devilled bone with French-fried potatoes. (Though the staff clearly considers this unglamorous, it is fortunately too polite to say so.) Howard Johnson may have spoiled me, but I thought the ices at the Ritz used to be better—smoother and creamier. It doesn't matter, however; there are lots of other desserts to choose from, and if you're fussy about your macédoine of fresh fruits, miraculously still doused with kirsch, they'll concoct it for you special, using all the things you like and none of the things you don't.

AT the Penthouse, 30 Central Park South, they've fixed things up so that you eat out when it's a good idea and at other times on a glassed-in balcony. Either way there's a view, and if you're on the balcony, you don't have to crane your neck to see it, for slanted overhead mirrors bring it to you no matter where your table is. The menus, written out, French-like, in fuchsia and purple, are imposing and a joy to order from. I'd say baked clams to start with, but I can see reason, too, for the *pâté maison*, or melon, or even snails. A chef's special is *poulet sauté au vin*, and a good, virtuous middle course it makes. If you want to swerve to the fancy, you can have this or that done *véronique* (all those white grapes in cream sauce), and, by the same token, you can go Quaker-plain with calves' liver and bacon. There's an equally satisfactory variety of desserts, all the way from *pot de crème* (chocolate or caramel) to *coupe penthouse*, whose ingredients I would no more divulge than the solution of a mystery play. The only thing that bothers me is the slightly sluggish elevator service—particularly hard on one whose reputation for promptness is sour at best.

Hampshire House, a block or so over, at 150 Central Park South, believes in the spirit of outdoor dining but not, thank heaven, in the letter. It has opened up its Cottage again and gives you the Park to look at and cabbage roses on everything but your Melba toast. Dorothy Draper has made the whole place so pretty that it ought to be a bore but is actually mildly exhilarating. What matters even more is that somebody keeps things, including the service, up to well above scratch. If you're on your way back to nuts and berries as you seek the mind tranquil in the body beautiful, Hampshire House will help you along with a mixture of fresh vegetable juices—carrot, celery, parsley, watercress, and tomato. As a matter of fact, few heavy dishes appear around here; instead of entrées with those dread rich sauces, you're apt to find sliced fresh fowl with noodles, say, or broiled veal chop with tomato.

GERMAINE'S small, fenced garden, at 145 East Fifty-fifth Street, is definitely best at night, though people enough take to it by day, too. The proprietor's friendly attitude toward food continues to work out nicely, which surprises nobody. The *potage fermière* is an outstanding example; not a single stylish item in it and yet it tastes the way you wish soup would taste at home. You'll find good, sensible dishes—things like sole with lemon butter and grilled chicken with shallots, and even sirloin steak, by golly. When the problem simmers down to dessert, you can bring on a nervous breakdown trying to decide between bananas with rum and that standard temptation, *coupe aux marrons*. Blue cheese waits around in case of a tie.

I FIND Renato's, way down at 21 Vandam Street, fairly elusive, but by heading south on Sixth or Seventh Avenue and just keeping going, you ought not to have any trouble getting there. It's worth stalking even if you do, because the food is fine and there's a spacious garden with a fishpond out back. Avocado with a sharp French dressing is a suitable preparation for what follows—brook trout, maybe, or half a broiled baby turkey (for two, naturally). They cook Italian fashion here, so *tagliarini* with truffles, homemade ravioli, and steak *pizzaiola* are also on tap. French pancake or rum cake is available for dessert, if you can still consider dessert. Why, I ask myself, isn't it a good place for dinner just before or after tackling the Holland Tunnel?

STILL OUTDOORS: Don't skip Leone's garden, at 239 West Forty-eighth Street, simply because you've had enough Italian cooking for the moment. They broil a good lamb chop better and blacker than at most steak places you know. . . . The Chaumière, at 163 East Fifty-sixth Street, has a well in its garden for icing white wine, beer, and anything else that needs it. . . . One of the few new gardens to open this season is the Café du Parc's, at 17 East Sixtieth Street. . . . Chez Jean, practically next door, at 11 East Sixtieth, boasts an attractive sun-and-gravel setting. . . . Marta, at 75 Washington Place (west of the Square), has a roll-uppable awning over her garden, so showers can't shatter your calm. . . . You're similarly sheltered at Honoré, at 141 East Fifty-second Street. . . . The Bronx Zoo is worth a whole afternoon of anybody's time, what with the adequate food and vivid umbrellas in its restaurants, and the spectacle of round-eyed small citizens lurching about on the backs of camels and elephants.

FOUR-WALLS-AND-A-ROOF FINDING: The Rod and Reel Fish Bar, at 110 East Fifty-ninth Street, is as good as I'd heard it was—clean, attractive, unpretentious, and just the place for the fish fuddle you've promised yourself the next time you eat alone. It's not open any too late, so don't count on it for the equivalent of an icebox raid.—SOUBISE

•

WHAT PAGE OF THE CINCINNATI "TIMES-STAR" D'YA READ?

Ernie Koy, outfielder, purchased by the Reds from the St. Louis Cardinals, has no Indian blood in him.—*Page 1.*

Paradoxically, we hope the acquisition of Ernie Koy to the Cincinnati roster will lift the Indian sign off the Reds. Ernie, as is well known, has some pure American blood, which means Indian, in him.—*Sports page.*

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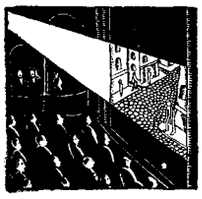
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Laugh or Two

THE estimable desire to provoke giggles, titters, and even guffaws would appear to account for most of this week's collection. The Marx Brothers, for instance, are back with us in what, I hear, is to be their last film as a family group. Whether they are all three to seek retirement now, though still in the flower of their exuberance, and reflect upon life's meaning, or whether, on the other hand, they are to appear individually in various films, I do not know. "The Big Store," this farewell of theirs, is not great Marx material, not a film that collectors will exhibit as a sample of this era's humor, but again and again the old flash is there, to be found in the roller-skating scene, for example, in the preposterous fandango of Groucho's wooing of Mme. Dumont, and in happy Harpo's spasmodic effervescence. I must mention, too, a Miss Virginia O'Brien, who suddenly steps forward and seems very eccentric indeed. And Mme. Dumont? Is Mme. Dumont now merely to write her memoirs?



Damon Runyon is largely responsible for a tough little comedy of gangsters, corrupt politicians, strip-teasers, and such types, called "Tight Shoes." Racketeers plant their gambling alcove behind a shoeshop, and the toughest of the bums (Brod Crawford), happening to buy shoes, insists on a size too small, a vanity which leads to all the trouble and upsets the political framework of the whole community. Binnie Barnes, as a star who began her professional life strip-teasing in waterfront theatres, employs her art at last for the sake of Better Government. The film altogether amounts to a breezy business of very modest consequence.

There have always been comedies like "She Knew All the Answers," which Joan Bennett and Franchot Tone idle through, about the pretty girl who upsets a Wall Street office, launches a panic, and then sets everything right again with her droll tricks. This happens to be a very feeble sample of the species. . . . There are going to be a great many comedies now like Bob Hope's "Caught in the Draft," with their overwhelming surge of K.P. humor, and I trust some of them will be more substantial examples.

LIFE is not all love and laughter even in the movies, and another notable Gestapo sketch comes to the front, via Warner Brothers, called "Underground." Like that English picture "The Voice in the Night," which you may have seen recently, this new film has to do with a "freedom" broadcast, the efforts of a small group in Germany to thwart the Hitler regime by means of a secret radio. The grim, often terrible scenes follow relentlessly one after another, and there is no mercy, except a transcendental smile of hope on the hero's face as he climbs the scaffold's steps. Jeffrey Lynn, Philip Dorn, and a Kaaren Verne are the most abused characters in the sketch, and all are expert.

There is some danger, I think, that these films of totalitarian life may defeat their own purpose to a certain extent. Their villains are so very black, their heroes so pure in motive, that a resemblance to old-fashioned fiction, a reminder of those thrillers we would steal from the cook, may come to us at times and chill our ready credulity. But then, perhaps, life grows more and more like old-fashioned fiction.

SUBMERGED by its title, "Blossoms in the Dust," a Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon film, sketches the story of the Texas Children's Home and Aid Society. Highly Technicolored, the picture traces the adult life of Mrs. Gladney, the founder, from her rich début through her marriage, her husband's death, and her continued effort for the homeless waifs of the state. The subject matter receives very conventional treatment of the inspirational order, with an occasional tear and, of course, a sad smile here and there.

I note that Rey Scott's travelogue and his fine film of the bombing of Chungking, which were shown to a few here last winter, have at last been put in order and pieced together for the public at large. The extremely interesting document is now at the World Cinema under the title of "Ku Kan," which means, as any mandarin could tell you, "Courage."—JOHN MOSHER

•

MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER

[*Adv. in the Ottawa Journal*]

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THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

JUNE 19, 1941

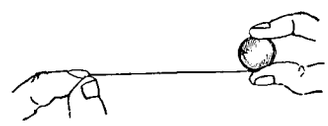
To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

YOUR recent letters in regard to the curve of the baseball have resulted in a rather exuberant editorial in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, the writer evidently having known all along that it must be an optical delusion. A half-century ago, when I was an instructor in physics at the University of Wisconsin, many physicists, especially the English ones, were ridiculing the idea that a ball could be made to move in a curved path. It was not done in cricket. I devised a simple experiment by which the curved path could be shown in the lecture room, the following description of which I published in *Science* in 1899:

The limited space in the lecture room, and the presence of one's audience, makes a demonstration of curve pitching difficult even if one has the necessary skill. If the curve is to be made at all apparent in a limited space, the ball must be exceedingly light, and the axial rotation very rapid.

I have found the ordinary oak ball or oak apple very suitable for this purpose. The rough surface gives the necessary friction, and the ball itself is as light as an eggshell and much stronger.

A strip of rubber band about 6 inches long and ⅛ inch wide is wound under tension around the ball (two or three turns are enough) and the ball "catapulted" forward by means of the remainder of the band as shown in the figure below:



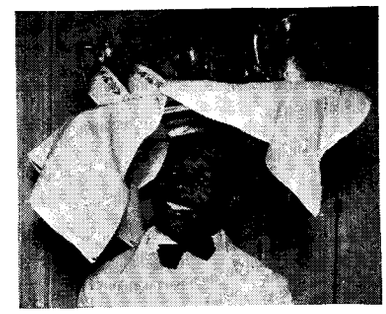
The ball will rise, drop, or curve to one side, according to the position in which it is held. A total deflection of 45° is easily obtained, and when pitching the "rise" (which is the case shown in the figure) the ball, starting in a horizontal direction, will sometimes ascend halfway to the ceiling. This curve is the most striking, of course, as the attraction of gravitation is overcome. It shows to the best advantage when thrown directly away from the observer, but this, of course, is difficult in the lecture hall.

If oak balls are not available, a ping-pong ball can be made to answer, though the curve is not quite as pronounced.

An alternative method is to sling a ping-pong ball out of a pasteboard mailing tube, giving the tube a horizontal whiplike movement, which causes the ball to spin. Explanation: In the case of

SUMMER LIFE AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



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a spinning ball moving forward, the air flows by the ball on one side in the direction of the spin motion, and on the opposite side against it. This causes a difference of pressure on the two sides, which results in the curved path. The so-called "spitball," in which there is no spin and which "breaks" after travelling for some distance in a straight path, has been duplicated in the laboratory by allowing a sphere to fall through water.

R. W. Wood,
Research Professor of Physics

1941 JUN 21 PM 11 37

EDITORS OF NEWYORKER SUPPLEMENTING MY LETTER ON EASY DEMONSTRATION OF CURVING BALLS I CAN STATE THAT SWIFTS EXPLANATION QUOTED BY MR KELLOGG IS QUITE WRONG AND MAKES THE BALL CURVE TO THE LEFT WHEREAS IT CURVES TO RIGHT UNDER THE CONDITIONS SPECIFIED HIS EXPLANATION WAS DISCREDITED DECADES AGO BEING REPLACED BY THE CORRECT ONE OUTLINED IN MY LETTER

R W WOOD

•

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[*From the description of a calendar patent, No. 2215163*]

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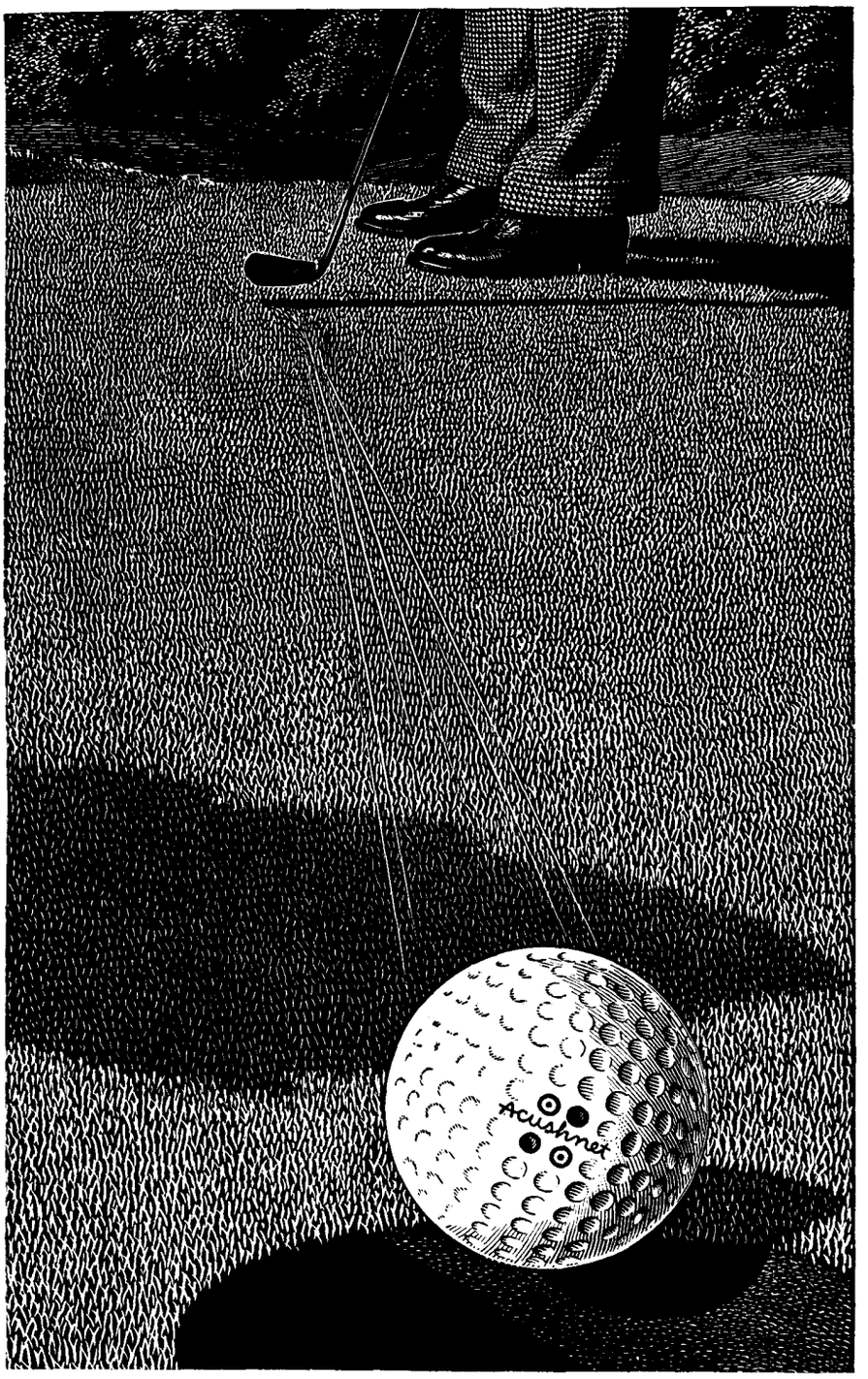

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THE RACE TRACK

Claim Everything

THINGS have come to such a pass that it's all you can do to find three-year-olds able to give Whirlaway more than a good exercise gallop. In fact, he seems to have worked himself into a large and profitable rut. The Dwyer Stakes, which he won at Aqueduct last weekend, was notable chiefly for the claim of foul that Carroll, the trainer of Market Wise, made after the finish. No doubt he was sincere about it (he was all for punching Arcaro, Whirlaway's jockey), but almost everyone else thought that the interference was purely imaginary.

The mere fact that a foul has been claimed has a curious psychological effect on everyone. Nothing makes a horse or rider look at a greater disadvantage. Also, there's no telling what the stewards may do. I remember a race several years ago in which a trainer ran a big, clumsy colt. He thought the animal wasn't quite good enough to win but was sure to be second, and bet on him accordingly. Throughout the race, the beast kept bumping the other runners and then drew away to finish second. The trainer knew that there would be protests and, afraid that his horse would be disqualified and his bet lost, dashed out on the track as his jockey rode back to weigh in. "You be the first one to claim a foul," he told the boy. "Claim it against anybody, only be quick about it." The boy did. Swarming up to the stewards' stand and excitedly waving his arms, he shouted, "Judges, they fouled me!" One of the stewards rose, put his hands gently on the jockey's shoulders, and said, "There, there! We saw everything that happened." Then he and his colleagues disqualified the horse that had finished first.

Getting back to the Dwyer Stakes, it seems too bad that Robert Morris, who is a nice colt and might be winning elsewhere, has to spend his time chasing Whirlaway, whom he has little chance of beating. It's beginning to wear him down. Greville came in fourth and last, winning $500. I daresay he'll never earn $500 any easier.

AT the moment, I wouldn't trade New World for any other three-year-old. Of course, at the moment nobody's asked me to, and I don't happen to own him anyhow. If I did, I'd be tempted to keep him around the place just to admire. His first start at Aqueduct was something to talk about. I doubt that even Whirlaway is faster at six furlongs. Another old pet I think I can cheer over is Fenelon, who seems none the worse for having had a second attack of croup, or whatever it is that makes horses cough in the springtime. My guess is that he's going to be hard to beat in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct on Saturday.

THERE is no need to get excited over the two-year-olds who ran last week. Requested, who won the Tremont Stakes, is fast and somewhat lucky. Both Sun Again and Some Chance bucked and got away badly at the start of the race. Prejudiced though I am against such carryings-on, I'm afraid you must not drop these two off your list of horses to remember.

An interesting winner, however, was Sombrilla. She's the one, you may recall, who paid $55.40. Well, she's a twin. You may be surprised to learn that twin thoroughbreds are not well thought of in racing; as a matter of fact, they're barred from The Futurity. Obviously, if one twin were good and the other no good, and if their color and markings were identical, as is usually the case, an unscrupulous owner might be tempted to try tricks with them. As a rule, twins are undersized, spindling things, anyway, and not worth keeping. One is nearly always larger than the other. Sombrilla, who was bred by William Ziegler, Jr., was almost a normal size at birth, but her twin was small and died when it was a few weeks old.

EVERYONE seems to like the riding of Jack Skelly, a young apprentice from Los Angeles. He rode eleven winners in twelve days at Aqueduct—one a day, they say, and live forever.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Either he or she was always helping someone become a violinist or an opera singer or a painter. The house often was filled with some artist or his work, either hanging on the walls or floating out through the big open windows and over the terraced gardens beyond.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Never a dull moment.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

24th Seasons

THE Stadium Concerts began their twenty-fourth season with something like twenty-four thousand visitors stacked about the arena to hear a Tchaikovsky program. It was the first time in several years that Tchaikovsky had been such a business-getter for the Stadium; maybe his recent posthumous success as a contributor of themes for popular songs made him a draw, or maybe it was the presence of the two Arturs—Rodzinski and Rubinstein, conductor and piano soloist, respectively. Perhaps it was all this and a cloudless heaven, too.

The turnout may have been surprising, even to the most optimistic Stadium attachés, but there was nothing unexpected in the performances. Mr. Rodzinski served up his familiar solid presentations of Tchaikovsky favorites, and Mr. Rubinstein played with his customary brilliance. The Philharmonic-Symphony sounded well and had the benefit of a new amplification setup, with the loudspeakers perched atop the bandstand instead of at the sides, where they used to be. Opening night, some acoustic vagary made the tuba boom as prominently as the instrument blown by the fabled Yuba down in Cuba, but next evening the balance was practically normal. The placing of microphones on either side of the conductor's podium worked out satisfactorily from an engineering point of view, although they picked up a brief, hortatory obbligato by Mr. Rodzinski in "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Rodzinski, unlike some *maestri*, sang in tune, but one evening the mikes close to the director may carry to the audience the colorful commentary of some vehement leader who says it with words as well as with music.

REPORTS of the first-night crowd may have frightened prospective customers away from the second Stadium Concert. Anyhow, those who were absent missed an interesting exhibit prepared by Alexander Smallens. After bright and sane versions of the Handel-Harty "Water Music" and Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Mr. Smallens introduced to the Stadium Arthur Benjamin's "Cotillon" and a concert suite drawn from Aaron Cop-

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land's ballet, "Billy the Kid." "Cotillon" is a chain of old English airs, shrewdly and effectively scored, and with enough romantic touches to delight the connoisseur of what is known in radio literature as the special arrangement. One of the early-eighteenth-century melodies in "Cotillon" is called "Jigg it E Foot." There, cats, is a title for you, and you'll find the tune is *in the groove, too.*

"Billy the Kid," one of the best of American ballets, was converted successfully into an item for orchestral concerts. There are a few patches that don't get far without stage action, but taken as a unit, the "Billy the Kid" suite is a fresh and ingratiating offering. The music builds up impressively as it goes along, and Mr. Copland hasn't suffered from the fear of a good tune that bothers some other modern composers.

THE Goldman Band, like the Stadium Concerts, is playing its twenty-fourth summer in town—on the Mall in Central Park on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the other nights of the week. (No concert on the Fourth of July this year, though.)

Mr. Goldman and his excellent ensemble continue to blend masterworks, *new compositions*, band-concert staples like cornet solos, and novelty encores into eminently pleasant and useful entertainment. This year, there are more works written for band by contemporary Americans, and Mr. Goldman is providing for composers not only an ensemble but also the sort of audience that many of them would like to reach.

At the Goldman concerts you will encounter occasionally the associate conductor, Richard Franko Goldman, representing the third generation in a family that has contributed much to music. The younger Goldman is an accomplished conductor and bandator—or whatever the equivalent is for "orchestrator."

WHEN one adds up the city's summer music, a special credit should go to Mayor LaGuardia, who has made the parks available to the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation for the Goldman Band Concerts and also is an honorary chairman of the Stadium Concerts. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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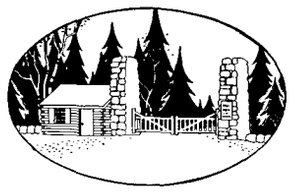
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From an adv. in Cue*]

CAMP SAMOSET, Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H.—Where boys 7-16 have been coming back 26 years.



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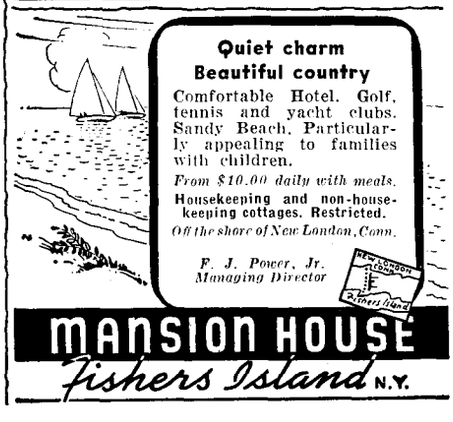
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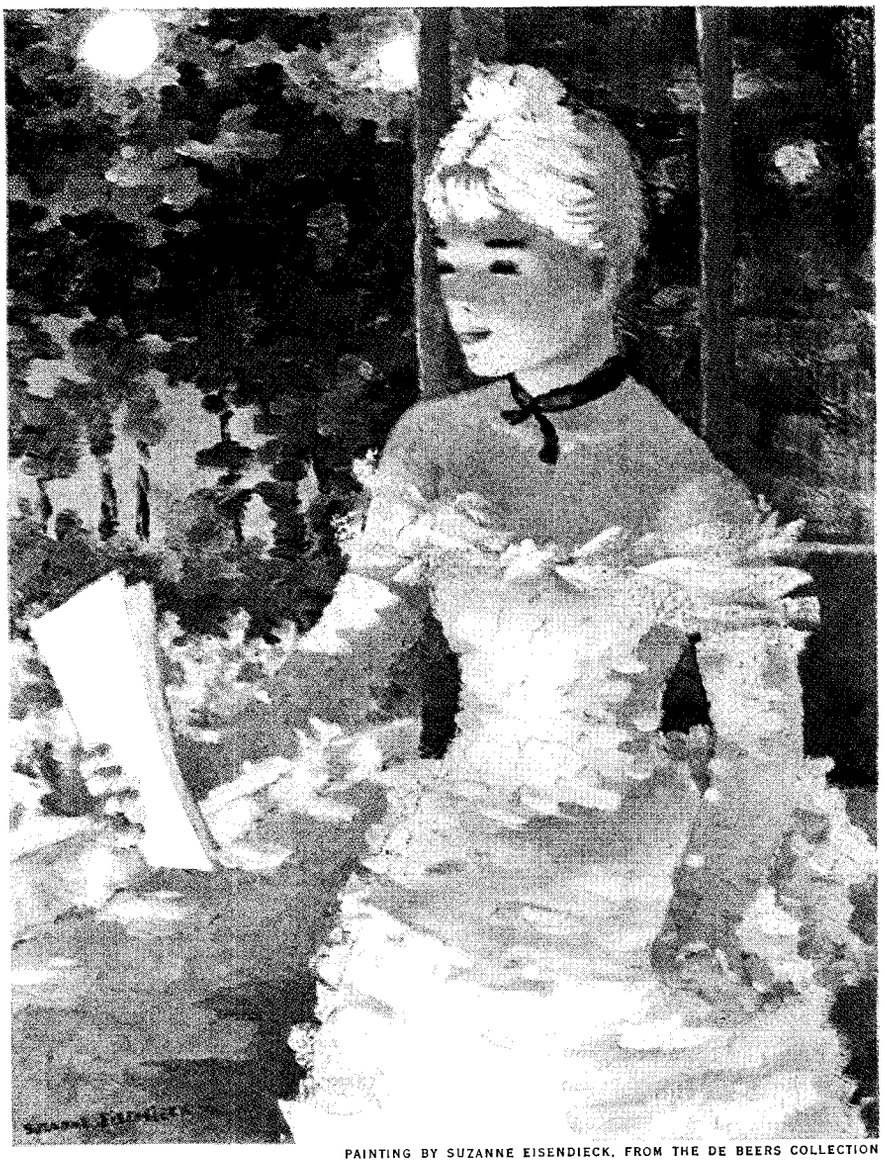

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BOOKS

Eminent Victorians

JEAN BURTON, in her highly diverting biography called "Sir Richard Burton's Wife," sums up her heroine in these words: "She had known what she wanted, had moved heaven and earth to get it, and was never disillusioned in her choice." That's fair enough. When Isabel Arundell was nineteen she first saw Richard Burton, fell in love with the directness of a stone plummeting to earth, married him after years of family opposition, and made more than a life-sized career out of being his wife. In her complete devotion to her husband, she resembled another famous Victorian, Elizabeth Barrett, though in that particular only. No one but Isabel could have stood Burton. To the day of her death she thought, talked, and lived Richard Burton, and if her odd heaven—half orthodox, half psychic research—exists, she's still at it, though I doubt that her husband is with her. The story of their joint life—as crazy and lurid as any produced by a century that made a hobby of eccentricity—would make a first-rate play. It has everything except tragedy, for the Burtons, even in their moments of blackest despair, could never contrive to be anything but grotesque. The very tomb in which they lie is grandiose-comic: a stone replica of an Arab tent, with camel bells set into the roof.

Miss Burton (as it happens, she, like Sir Richard, is a collateral descendant of that other eccentric Burton, the one who wrote "The Anatomy of Melancholy") has a hard time preventing Isabel's ferocious husband from swamping the story. As a matter of fact, the book is really a double biography and might as well have been billed as one. Even though Richard had a disconcerting habit of running off alone to Iceland or East Africa every once in a while, Isabel was never really absent from him. One of his parlor tricks was to mesmerize her, and I have always felt that he had her mesmerized permanently. At any rate, that's one way of accounting for her devotion to a man who was one of the most magnificent blackguards in history.

Burton at his best looked like Bernard Shaw in a bad temper. Explorer, linguist (he believed he could converse with monkeys), erotologist, Orientalist, anthropologist, unsuccessful diplomat, expert swordsman, he had the energy of twenty ordinary men; the list of his literary productions is tiring merely to read. But he will be remembered for only two reasons. He was one of the really great English eccentrics and he translated "The Thousand Nights and a Night," with notes. The notes will give him immortality, for erotica form one of the enduring departments of literature.

This was the man the pious Isabel clung to. An Arundell, she was a member of a great Catholic family, and her devoutness was completely real, yet she found no difficulty in reconciling herself to her monstrous husband, who possessed none of the Christian virtues and not many of the pagan ones. "I wish I were a man," she said. "If I were, I would be Richard Burton, but, being only a woman, I would be Richard Burton's wife." She was not only his wife but his business manager, publicity agent, travelling companion, hypnotic subject, nurse, literary representative, and—most important—pal, for this crazy pair were really more like male cronies, it would seem, than like a conventional married pair. They never had children—it's interesting to speculate why—and it was fortunate, for a child would have disrupted their perfect *égoïsme à deux*.

Isabel, in her own way, was as extraordinary a person as Burton. Though received all her life in the most glittering English society, she was a thorough rebel against Victorian convention. She trained on cigars and graduated from them to the chibouk and narghile. She was perfectly at home in the wilds of Brazil and the deserts of Arabia. Psychic as all getout, she once had a dream (it ran to fifty pages when she put it down on paper) in which was clearly set forth everything necessary to reform the world, including such amendments as would make for the proper recognition of the merits of her husband. When she married, she composed seventeen Rules for My Guidance as a Wife, one of the most astounding documents of the Victorian era. She shared most of her husband's interests, something to ponder when you consider that Burton's favorite fields of investigation were circumcision and midwifery. (It will always be remembered against her, however, that after his death she burnt the manuscript of what was designed to be his erotic masterpiece, "The Scented Garden.") Wherever they went, and they seemingly went to or were chased out of every place, she promptly formed a salon to which came the most incredible collection of aristocrats and eccentrics. The Burtons had a special talent

"Here's a juicy bit
for your column, Garrabrant:
'What gossip writer stank on Tuesday,
stank on Wednesday, and now faces total putrefaction?'"

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for collecting oddities. In Trieste, one of their more conventional associates was a professional wizard who specialized in the manufacture of homunculi.

You'd better let Miss Burton tell you all about it, though. She's no great fist as a writer, but she sets down the story clearly and fluently. There is not a trace of heroine worship (Isabel must have been pretty much of a bore, come to think of it, and her biographer doesn't blink at the fact) and there is plenty of sensible humor. One wishes, however, for the touch of a Strachey. What miracles of sly illumination he would have performed with these two eminent un-Victorian Victorians!

"All of Their Lives" is one of Myron Brinig's longer but not happier efforts. It traces the paths of two Midwestern girls of contrasting character, describing the manner in which their lives are intertwined, the men they fight each other for, and the ambivalent relationship between them. The background (1900 to the post-first-World-War years) is painted in solidly, and there is loads of it. Mr. Brinig has something like a genius for banality; his insights into people have a well-worn finish, as if they had been handled by a large number of other novelists before him. The general effect is of skim-milk Dreiser. Perfectly readable, however, if you care to drowse through a long stretch of surface realism and meet casually many people who will hardly tax your capacity for understanding.

—Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Come to Dust, by Anne Fremantle. A few months in the life of a little English girl in a small, fiercely aristocratic town in the province of Savoy. The French atmosphere is strange and fascinating to her: the young curé, who loves lilies more than God; the boy, Dominique, bound inescapably in family tradition; and so on. Into this idyll (there is no hint of war) the author introduces the betrayal of a child, marital infidelity, and murder. They don't fit very well into the background, which is first class.

No Measure Danced, by Harry Lee. The story of a woman who makes a career for herself in a big department store—partly by hard work, partly by love affairs with her various bosses—but doesn't work out her private life satisfactorily. Mr. Lee advances cer-

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tain conclusions about women in business, but in spite of a number of lively and readable scenes between his heroine and other characters, nothing much is proved.

RESTLESS ARE THE SAILS, by Evelyn Eaton. Historical romance centring around the siege of Louisburg, Nova Scotia, in the middle of the eighteenth century. The hero marries an Indian girl, falls in love with the governor's daughter, takes part in battles, and whatnot. Miss Eaton wrote "Quietly My Captain Waits," which a lot of people seemed to like.

GENERAL

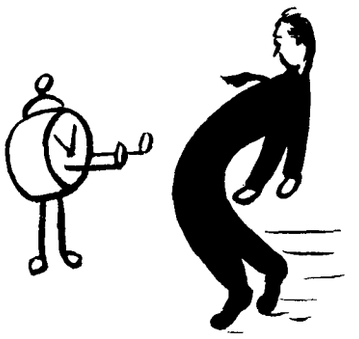
MY BRUSH MONKEYS, by Albert W. Jernberg, edited by Marya Tze Caraman. Experiences of a former Army Reserve officer who served as commander of CCC camps in Illinois and Michigan. A straightforward, heartwarming narrative that tells how the camps were set up and administered and how officers and enrollees learned to adapt themselves to a new and exacting democratic routine. Some plain talk about organization politics, too. Photographs.

SWEET THAMES RUN SOFTLY, written and illustrated by Robert Gibbings. A very charming book indeed, the story of an easygoing voyage in a punt down the Thames, from its headwaters to London. The author, being Irish and an artist (he is also something of a naturalist and world traveller), talks at least as much about his own affairs as he does about the grasses, flowers, insects, birds, animals, and people of England's celebrated river. Both witty and humorous, and so entrancingly digressive that it may even remind you of Laurence Sterne's classic ramblings. Distinguished wood engravings.

AMERICAN WINES, by Frank Schoonmaker and Tom Marvel. An absolutely first-rate book on a subject that will become more and more important in the near future. The authors (they also did the now standard "Complete Wine Book") cover the wine-producing regions from the Finger Lakes to California. Sensible,

This is a man playing with fire.

Isn't that silly?



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MYSTERY AND CRIME

WITCH'S MOON, by Giles Jackson. Nile Boyd, foreign correspondent, and Anne Warriner, fashions writer, wish they hadn't stopped over for the night at the Lake Hotel, near Litchfield, Connecticut. Two secret drinkers, an opium addict, and a murderer are residents of the hotel, and screams are heard above the noise the peepers make at night. This story would be better reading without the love interest.

THE CASE OF THE CONSTANT SUICIDES, by John Dickson Carr. Young Alan Campbell, history professor, meets his second cousin, Kathryn Campbell, who is also a historian, on a train bound for Scotland, where they are to attend a family conference. It seems that old Angus Campbell, one of those patriarchs, has died mysteriously. The Campbells have died mysteriously for years, but this time it's different, because our old friend Dr. Fell investigates the case. This is a fine story, hilarious and well plotted.

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Lindbergh's defeatist attitude has aroused antagonism in many quarters. The Colonel was more popular when he was in the air instead of on it.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker, May 1st.*

It seems that Col. Lindbergh was more popular in the air than he is on it.—*Fogarty in the Knoxville News-Sentinel, May 6th.*

At this writing, heroic efforts are being made to settle the soft-coal strike. That "cooling-off period" everybody talks about should not apply to the customers.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker, May 1st.*

We can be thankful the coal strike came off in mild weather, or the "cooling-off" period would have applied to the consumers.—*Fogarty in the Knoxville News-Sentinel, May 7th.*

The taxmakers in Washington are struggling with a tough question: Shall the government take everything we have or leave something to be borrowed?—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker, May 15th.*

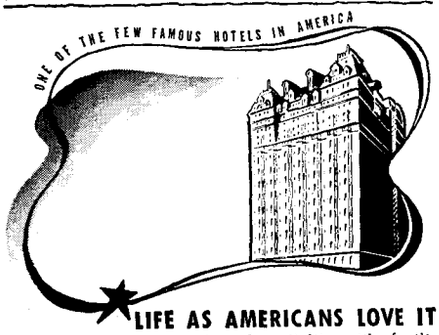
Our tax-makers in Washington are now wondering whether to tax everything we have, or leave us a little that they can borrow!—*Fogarty in the Knoxville News-Sentinel, May 17th.*

Mr. Hoover believes that we should make vast quantities of supplies for Britain but say goodbye to them at the pier. It doesn't seem to matter much to Herbert whether they reach John Bull or Davy Jones.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker, May 22nd.*

After British war supplies are made we don't seem to care if they are delivered to John Bull or Davy Jones.—*Fogarty in the Knoxville News-Sentinel, May 24th.*

Marshal Pétain tells his people not to think but just follow him along the path of honor. His definition of honor is, of course, subject to change without notice. — *Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker, May 22nd.*

Marshal Pétain tells his people to follow him along the path of honor. His definition of honor is, of course, subject to change without notice.—*Fogarty in the Knoxville News-Sentinel, May 26th.*



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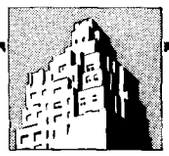

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